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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MARRIAGE OF MISS MINNIE E. SHERMAN, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, TO LIEUTENANT THOMAS W. FITCH, ENGINEER U. S. NAVY, AT ST. ALOYSIUS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 87.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE.

TWO PARTIES.

THE Democrats, in their State conventions, have organized plainly and strongly for the Fall campaign. We are glad of this, because it is to be hoped that the Democrats will do a great deal of good, not only for themselves, but for the Republicans, whom they may spur forward, and alarm, and threaten to defeat. For a long time there has been but one party in this country, the audacious Republican Party, which, pigheadedly, knew no foe, and, therefore, no fear. The Democratic Party has been shambling along, a beggar, with one foot in the disgusting worn-out old shoe of the past, and the other in the new patent-leather of its modern dandyism, offering one gloved hand to the aristocrat like Bayard, and the other hand, a dirty one, to the supplication of philanthropists of Liberal Republicanism. But the Liberal Republican Party has gone the way of all really sentimental, innocent and purely ideal affairs, because, in politics as in religion, piety dies young, while Calvinism, throwing its very inkstand at the devil, organizes and is strong. Liberal Republicanism was absent when the inkstands were given out. The Democratic Party now stands alone, and within the past few months has, in proportion to its past weakness, progressed towards strength and purpose more rapidly than the Republicans have done. This, we say, is a sign of great and potent promise, because two strong parties are better to have than one arbitrary and fearless party. Those of us who have watched the current history of parties in this country know that a third party springs up in enthusiasm, lives a short while in ecstasy, and adjourns with a significant *sine die*, hoping that its members may choose the men for office who are committed to its principles. Such was the glorious fate of the parties which nominated Fillmore and Donelson, Fremont and Cochrane, and Greeley and—Brown? There are now two parties, the Democratic and the Republican; there is no so-called Opposition.

The Democratic Party offers, first of all, Hard Money. It could not go before the country with a stronger, juster "plank" or a "plank" more likely to be defeated. This "plank" does not possess the merit of availability. It seduces the affection of no considerable number of disaffected Republicans, for the Republican Party promises as much practical hard money as the Democratic Party does. It cannot please all the Democrats, for many of them are in favor of paper. We think that no party can now, with any sagacious policy, go before the country on a plan either for all hard-money or for all inflation. For some time to come earnest and wise statesmanship must be engaged in the solution of that awful problem, which finds its intricacy in the presence of a vast volume of paper in which men's to-day's bread is involved, and in the absence of a specie medium in which the value of next year's bread is involved. Men are wavering between a present half-evil and a future good; and the Republican Party, being less theoretical and radical than the Democratic Party, is more likely to attract the adherence of men who, being mystified and "on the fence," desire that somebody should decide for them. Then, again, the Republican Party, besides containing compromising statesmen like Sherman and Platt, contains hard-money statesmen like Phelps, Sargent, Jones and Grant, men who are in nowise without personal and popular influence. Add to this strength the other great source of power, that the chief advocates of inflation, Morton, Logan and Kelley, who are expected to obtain something in the way of concession from their own party, are staunch Republicans, and the avowed principle of Democracy has very little promise of success.

Home Rule, a principle of the new Democracy, is a rechristening of the old doctrine of State Rights,—the wornout old shoe on the same Democratic foot. Still this doctrine

is not without its uses, and, urged from the lips of honest men like Thurman and Cox, has marvelous power in checking the evil influences of rampant legislation. But it is not a winning political card; it is not an "available" plank in a party platform. It has the demerit of having been defeated by force of arms. It carries the shade of the palmetto, and its utterance is intoned with the sound of that first gun on Sumter. As a fact, it has, in the language of the street, been "licked like blazes." As a principle, it offers nothing to those Democrats who ask that the General Government shall unite the Mississippi with the Atlantic, and take charge of our vast system of railways. It is in nowise a taking doctrine. It is a scholastic dream. There is much in it, to be sure; but that much will never be appreciated by the crowd. The Democratic Party can win nothing by it, since the Republican Party does not really deny it.

The Third Term "movement" is severely denounced by the Democrats in many States; but we do not think that this Third Term "movement" is entirely a bugaboo of the Democratic Party. General Grant has never announced his wish for a Third Term, and we sincerely believe that his very silence regarding the subject is a contemptuous rebuke to all those who speak of it. It is to him an accusation not worthy denying. He knows, as well as anybody knows, the sentiment of the country on the subject. There are many good men who believe that there would be no danger in a Third Term; but the sentiment of the country at this moment is against it. If a great majority of the people should ask General Grant to be their President for four years more, he would be no worse than they if he accepted their offer; but if two years from now that majority were opposed to the idea, as it now is, he would by no means try to force a nomination. He is not really a fool. And, more than that, it is just as likely that the Democratic Party would offer him a renomination, if it could thereby gain power, as that the Republican Party would. Everything depends upon the momentary idea of the people. If there is any fact in the Third Term problem, it is not to be found in Senator Conkling's speech, but in the announcements of old-time members of the Democratic Party in the South, members without whom that Democratic Party cannot live.

With the exception of these three stale principles, the Democratic Party offers nothing that the Republican Party does not offer. We had hoped that the Democratic Party would rise superior to tradition, would eat no fire of the past, and would propound so vital an idea that it would gather to its support the pure and anxious faith of the people. It is strong, it seems honest, but it gives us only a smoke-offering, not a meat-offering, nor a heave-offering. Its usefulness, however, lies in this, that it criticises the large measures of the Republican Party, pulls aside the veil, and shows the horrid front of every proposition that is unwise or dishonest; and in doing so, it takes the position it has assigned to itself, that of a critic, and not that of a conqueror.

JOHN SHERMAN.

SENATOR SHERMAN is just across the threshold of fifty, and has spent twenty years of his life in Congress. He came prominently into politics with the new-born Republican Party, which owes its life to him almost as much as to any one man. His character is curiously representative of that of his party, or at least of that of the controlling element in his party, for he has never linked himself to its meaner parts, and he has never risen quite to the level of its greatest minds. His leading characteristics are sincerity, simplicity, profound but frank prudence, and a patient confidence in himself and his cause that no clouds can obscure, no dangers shake, no disasters overcome.

Mr. Sherman's character is like that of the controlling element of his party because he is conscientious, he is sensible, and he is determined; but he has no very clear grasp of great principles, he is not in any sense philosophic, and he is capable of making—and correcting—enormous blunders. No man ever served a party better—and, for that matter, no better man ever served the Republican Party—than John Sherman, up to 1868. He is himself as good as ever, but his services about that time admit of some criticism. As an opponent of Slavery, Mr. Sherman made a fine record—almost a brilliant one. He thoroughly detested the system. To his practical mind it was not only wrong system, but bungling, wasteful, perverting, demoralizing. He traced its effects far and wide, and exposed them with great skill and energy, and with an unassuming and straightforward manner that won the respect of his enemies even more than of his friends. He always had the air of being anxious to take the other side, if the evidence were not so overwhelmingly against it; and he made the impression that there was nothing personal in his course—he was borne on by a tide so strong, that no one could resist it. Our own impression is, that this trait in his advocacy was immensely valuable to the Republicans, and that the mere fact of the adhesion of a man so obviously upright, sagacious, and fair, was of itself a constant help. In the early fight against Slavery, as in the later one

with the Rebellion, Mr. Sherman was always brave, and showed that he was brave; but there was never a touch of bravado in his courage. He went about compassing the destruction of his opponents with an expression of profound sympathy. He never challenged them; but he always faced them. He never gloried in his victories; but he never drew in his picket-line by so much as a foot. He never even paraded his forces; but his face wore always the quiet confidence of a man whose resources are more than simple. And we take it that the fact that he was the real author of the Reconstruction Policy did as much as any one thing to convince its foes that in the long run, the policy would have to work.

Probably the greatest error of Mr. Sherman's public career was his advocacy, in 1868, of the payment of the five-twentieths in paper. It was a generous error. Mr. Sherman has never claimed to lead the masses. He only tries faithfully to represent them. His conception of affairs does not carry him over their heads. His sympathies are heartily with them. He believed that the United States notes were, in a sense, money, and that they were as good money for the bondholders as for any one else. He had no difficulty in concluding that the laws under which the bonds were issued did not require, in terms, their payment in gold. He wanted to save taxation. He meant to lighten, if he could, the great burden the war had laid on the shoulders of his countrymen. And he was willing to say, "We will pay the bondholders five per cent. interest, instead of six. If they won't take that, their claims shall be canceled in legal tender notes." No man could make such an offer and hope to be considered a financier. It showed a fearful, a fatal misconception of what constitutes borrowing and paying, and of the basis of credit for a great nation. It was of a piece with Mr. Sherman's Protectionism—another name for the notion that a man can lift himself by his waistband. But, as we have said, it was a generous error. He saw that he had been kinder to the people than they wished to be to themselves, and that they knew better what honor demanded than he. He is fighting his own heresy to-day in Ohio, and describing in his straightforward, convincing manner the enormity of the blunder he once committed himself.

If we were asked, however, at this moment, to point out the figure in the United States Senate that commands and deserves the highest respect, and that stands for tendencies the best and the most promising in the American character, we should be tempted to name John Sherman. That calm and kindly voice was never heard, we believe, in behalf of a measure he considered unworthy. If he once recommended to the people an act their honor compelled them to reject, there was no one to accuse him of a demagogue's motive for his course. His manner is, in itself, a perpetual incitement to the observation of a simple, but lofty, standard. There is no bitterness in his soul. There is no self-seeking in his restless and indomitable industry. He cannot be frightened; he cannot be wearied out; he cannot be bought or flattered. The simplicity of his life in the midst of the whirl and struggle that surround him; his essential nobility where so much is mean and cowardly and selfish; his patient modesty contrasted by so much conceit and arrogance; his fidelity to small duties as well as to great, where the ear is tired with the blowing of political horns, and the eye with the display of personal pretensions, make him a man of mark, and of wide and excellent influence. It would be well for the country if it had many more like him.

PHENOMENAL NEW YORK.

IT has long been the custom among the press and people to speak in rhapsodies of the phenomenal growth of New York. Many of the older inhabitants remember when the City Hall Park marked the limits of the city. It is not many years since the metropolis began to spread above Canal Street. The old playgoer who talks nonsense about Burton and Blake may remember when Niblo's Garden was out of town. It is scarcely a quarter of a century since Bleeker Street was a more fashionable thoroughfare than Fifth Avenue is to-day. Within the same period Fourteenth Street has gone through all the phases of a fine street in New York, and is already on the high road to Bleeker Street decay and nastiness. A like fate is in reserve for Twenty-third Street. Soon the fashionable part of the metropolis will cluster round the Central Park, and what was New York a hundred years ago, fifty years ago, twenty-five years ago, yesterday, will be given up to business and vice.

In the phenomenal growth of New York nothing is more remarkable than the way in which fashion receded, and still recedes, from the encroachments of vice, and how the dens of the vicious have been leveled for the temples of trade which make the metropolis so magnificent. We need not go back many years to understand the process. Ten years ago the fashionable promenade in Broadway stopped at Canal Street. Below were the commercial metropolis, the newspaper offices, the insurance companies, and the wholesale houses. To the right and left of our most magnificent thoroughfare were the gambling-houses and the houses of ill-fame. Five years

later the stream of pedestrians never went below Broome Street, and now Bleeker Street is the turning-point of the Broadway current. The dens of vice and infamy have followed the multitude, while business palaces have sprung up where only yesterday were the houses of debauchery. This process is still going on, and ten years hence that part of the city between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets will be very like Crosby, Mercer and Greene Streets ten years ago. Business drives vice immediately before it, but the cheap and nasty yet pretentious boarding-house always forms a belt of defense in New York for fashion against the encroachments of vice. When fashion has gone above Fifty-ninth Street, the boarding-house will touch the southern confines of the Park, and battle hard to keep vice below Forty-second. Thus, it will be seen that even on Manhattan Island fashion which once held sway at the Battery is systematically pushed towards the Harlem River by three other elements, two of these falling in turn before what we have perhaps too fondly termed the march of improvements. It is these processes which we call the phenomenal growth of New York, and which lead the people of this proud city to claim a hundred other cities as part of the grandeur and glory of the metropolis.

A stranger coming into New York from the sea of a Saturday cannot fail to be impressed with the commercial importance of the city by the great number of inward and outward-bound steamers he sees on every hand. To the New Yorker even it is a surprise, and only unsatisfactory in the fact that so few of these vessels carry the American flag. The resident of another city, who has never been to New York, coming here by any of the railroads, finds cities as great as his own, of which he, perhaps, never heard even the names. New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth and Newark on the Pennsylvania Railroad; Paterson and Passaic on the Erie, and Peckskill and Yonkers on the Hudson River Road are all of them larger and more thriving towns than most of the inland cities. Brooklyn is the third city in the country, and yet it is only one of the clusters of cities which extend from Bath on one side of Long Island to Cold Spring on the other. The New Jersey towns on the opposite side of the river, extending from Weehawken Heights to Communipaw, and embracing a large part of the Counties of Bergen and Hudson, are a rival for either Cincinnati or St. Louis. The district of Yorkville, Harlem, Mott Haven, Morrisania, Tremont and Fordham would each be regarded as a city if it was not an integral part of New York. This metropolis extends forty miles into New Jersey, up the Hudson, and along the Sound. Such a teeming population brought inside so great a circle within so short a period was never before known in the history of the world, and completely justifies us in regarding this wonderful growth as phenomenal.

This phenomenal growth is partly to be attributed to natural causes and partly to the ideal element so characteristic of the American people. We charter a railroad and lay out cities in the Far West before we begin to till the soil or even to prepare the earth for cultivation. We fetch and carry from one end of the continent to the other. New York is the granary for the West and a cotton mart for the South. New England is a workshop for New York. From Springfield to the Harlem River the New Yorker sees signs boards familiar to him in the streets of the metropolis. All the surrounding cities, though important as manufacturing places, are even more important as the homes of the surging multitude which daily fill our streets. At night what is properly the commercial metropolis is silent and deserted, for the crowd has gone elsewhere to dine and sleep. The rich man goes to Brooklyn or far up-town, because he can there have a more elegant residence—house or home being too homely a word for one who lives so grand. People in moderate circumstances go as far away as Paterson or Elizabeth because they can there find homes to themselves. Cheaper accommodations tempt the working-classes into Hoboken and Williamsburg. Only the very poor remain in the crowded tenements of the city. What was New York forty years ago now comprises only one Congressional district—that represented by Colonel W. R. Roberts—while the population of New York sends at least ten Representatives to Washington. We have at once pursued a policy of extension and depopulation. We have scattered our people that they might do business in a city composed only of business palaces. All the retail trade has followed the population. People earn their money below Fourteenth Street and spend it elsewhere. If we had not been an ideal people we would have kept our population together. If we had been less practical we would not have been so ideal; and so when we talk about the phenomenal growth of New York, we mean that we have built many magnificent cities that we might scatter population as the locust scatters her blossoms.

NATURE'S WEAPON.

THE influence of an evil example spreads with frightful rapidity. Of this unpleasant fact the Plymouth Church scandal affords abundant evidence. The first statement of Mr. Tilton was followed rapidly and surely by a host

of other statements. For some weeks it seemed as though all Brooklyn was to become a prey to the mania of making statements. The boy in the Brooklyn public school who, having been "kept in" by the teacher in consequence of alleged willful "jogging," announced with a defiant air that he intended to prepare a written statement furnished evidence that the influence of Mr. Tilton's original example extended even to children of tender years. The number of published statements probably bears a very small proportion to the number of those which were written and withheld from the knowledge of all except the writers. Could the secrets of the desks and diaries of the husbands and wives of Brooklyn be suddenly brought to light, we should doubtless find that scores of respectable people have committed to paper the fact of their continued metaphorical residence on the rugged edge of remorse, and their entire willingness to die if thereunto requested by any person whose wishes are entitled to consideration.

But it was not of statements in general, but of the fatal influence of one statement in particular, that we intended to speak. It was but a week or two since that Mr. Tilton published the fact that his mother-in-law had on two occasions stabbed him with her parasol. Mark the result of this ill-advised publication. Within a few days afterwards a man in one of the low barrooms of this city was stabbed in the eye with an umbrella, the point of which penetrated to the brain and killed him.

Now that the mischief is done, and the public is apprised of the fact that the umbrella and the parasol can be used as deadly weapons, it is no longer necessary for philanthropists to abstain from discussing this subject. The same dread of acquainting mankind with an instrument potent of possible evil which led the discoverer of chloride of hydrogen to refuse to impart the secret of its composition has prevented humane men who comprehended the possibilities of umbrella warfare from publishing their views, and thus calling attention to the subject. The necessity for such reticence is now past, and it has become a duty to point out to the respectable classes the capabilities of a weapon which has already proved fatal in the hands of a Water Street rough.

The umbrella may be regarded as one of the weapons with which nature has provided us; not as a device of destructive art, like the knife or the revolver. It is true that man is not born with an umbrella, as he is with fists and feet; but the umbrella is so intimately associated with our daily life, that we may justly consider it as much a part of a civilized being as are the teeth, which, like the umbrella, do not make their appearance until some time after birth. Man, then, being endowed by nature with an umbrella, ought to develop its capabilities as a weapon offensive and defensive. Hitherto we have looked upon it as the Frenchman looks upon his fists, without a thought that it can be used with terrible effect upon a foe. Occasionally a man beset with sudden enemies has used his umbrella as a club, thereby breaking it harmlessly into pieces. But this act betrays an utter ignorance of its proper use. One would fancy that the very fact that the umbrella is covered, when closed, with corrugated folds of soft cloth, would convince the thinking man of the uselessness of striking a blow with such a weapon. And yet it is the club which is the first weapon of the barbarian. It was with that modified club, the battle-ax, that medieval Europe fought its battles, and it is only a couple of centuries since the bayonet was invented.

The true use of the umbrella is to thrust with it. Used like a bayonet, it can produce the most wonderful results. Let the man who is attacked by a highwayman suddenly stab him in the face with the ferruled point of his umbrella. If the weapon strikes the eye the victory is gained at once. If, on the other hand, it only lacerates the nose or explores the depths of the highwayman's mouth, its moral effect is nevertheless great. And if, when inserted in the mouth, the umbrella should suddenly be opened, the demoralization of the victim would be complete.

The face, however, is not the only part which is vulnerable to an umbrella-charge. The late Mr. Gibson, the eminent English sculptor, who resided for nearly fifty years in Rome, was accustomed to carry, for the benefit of the Roman highwaymen, a stiff and sharp-pointed cane. It was the delight of that truly amiable man to point out to younger artists that the cane was useless as a club, since it would splinter upon the average Roman skull, while if, on the contrary, it should be vigorously thrust into the stomach of an assassin, it would instantly disable him. This great truth applies with equal force to the umbrella. If the latter is held in the position of a musket when the order "charge bayonets" is given, and is then plunged into an opposite abdomen, the anguish of the possessor of that organ will be all that heart could desire. Aim, then, with your umbrella, either at the face or the stomach. The former is perhaps the more brilliant method of attack, but the latter is probably surer in its results.

The vast capabilities of the umbrella can easily be perceived from what we have said. Nevertheless, no man should fancy that he fully knows what these capabilities are unless he has obtained a thorough mastery over his weapon. There is a great opening for any one who will give instruction in the manual of

the umbrella. How to lower one's umbrella when carried over the shoulder, and to bring it to the position of charge bayonets with, say, two motions, cannot be learned by intuition. With the manual of the umbrella should also be taught those lithe and rapid steps, in advance and retreat, which so materially assist the Zouave in bayonet-fencing. Equipped with stout umbrella, and thoroughly accomplished in its use, a man can defend himself against half a dozen foes. What intelligent man will be willing longer to remain in ignorance of the true use of the umbrella? Shall we not learn, without further delay, all that can be learned of umbrella-drill, and cause our wives and daughters to be interested in the more delicate art of parasol-fencing? Let us discard the deadly revolver and the disreputable knife, and content ourselves with the umbrellas with which kindly nature has endowed us.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

MR. WILLIAM TESTAMENT has been killed in a free fight—an only son, and the last Will and Testament.

QUEEN VICTORIA is investigating Spiritualism. On the contrary, the only medium patronized by the Prince of Wales is the medium of exchange.

A REVIVAL OF BRONZE CANDLESTICKS for mantel ornaments is noted. They are much more easily hooved than kerosene lamps, and don't endanger the curtains.

JACKSON COUNTY, FLA., has a rooster that turns a somersault when it crows. But New York has an independent editor who always crows when he turns a somersault.

"AIDA."—In order to obtain by artificial means some notion of a "paroxysmal kiss," take hold of the two handles of a powerful galvanic battery, and just as the jackass begins to turn the crank, try to swallow a mustard plaster.

IN ONE OF THE TOWNS of Caledonia County, Vt., as a young man was about starting for the freeman's meeting, his grandmother, a very old lady, said to him: "Now, do be sure and vote against Judge Poland." "Why?" said the gentleman. "I think Judge Poland is a very good man." "Well," said the old lady, "he may be, but they do say he made that awful gag law, and I suppose it is the cruelest way of putting any one to death that ever was invented."

THE ATLANTA NEWS, edited by the fiery J. St. Clair Mt. Aetna Abrams, says: "For our part, we are willing to receive the empire if it will insure us liberty." A little empire, worth about ten cents, should be forwarded to Abrams by express. And if there are any more in the market, let one be sent to Toombs, and another to Garesche. By-the-way, Watterson mustn't be forgotten. It will take a twenty-cent empire with a big cupola to satisfy him. So says the Memphis Appeal.

TWO MEN IN EUROPE have easily swallowed forks; a man in Paris ate up a whole thermometer-mercury sauce and all, shrinking neither from the ice-cream of zero nor from the hot-boiled of 100 in the shade; and now there is a man who eats glasses—a whole tablefull of glasses, with a relish. Good; but, for our part, we would rather drink glasses than eat them. So would Henry Watterson. In fact, when it comes to drinking glasses, as Matt Carpenter, for instance, does, eating glasses isn't so great a feat, after all—not near so great a feat as that of the editor of the *World*, who often eats his own words.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION ORGAN in New York appeared on last Monday morning, and it half-gratified and half-disappointed. Its commercial and financial departments were admirable; its news was quite as fair as could be expected in a first issue, but not good enough for future success; its editorial articles were evidently written hastily at the last moment, and were not positive enough for a first issue, and were somewhat light in texture; and there was in the paper no special article of any importance. Yet there was something pleasing about the paper, giving a feeling that it *may* be a successful thing, after all. Typographically, the paper is a little in the half-venturesome Philadelphia style. Its press-work is not good.

AN ATTEMPT TO DIVERT GRAIN AND TOBACCO from New York, Baltimore and other shipping points is about being made by a recently chartered Canadian company having a capital of \$5,000,000. The design is to construct a fleet of propellers to ply between Montreal and Chicago, touching at Milwaukee, Toledo and Detroit in passing both ways. In connection with these vessels, ocean steamers are to run from Montreal and Quebec. In addition to the steamers, fast freight lines are to be organized to run trains from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and other leading centres in the Southwest, to Montreal, and to connect with the propellers at the lake ports. The steamers are to be used principally in the grain traffic, and the fast freight lines will endeavor to turn the cotton and tobacco trades from Baltimore and New York to Montreal. The Welland Canal will be completed within two years, and increase the facilities of the company. Is it not time that the theorizing about the improvement of American canals to accommodate the influx of produce from the West and South be put to some practical account?

THE HIGH MARK of distinction paid to ignorance in the selection of jurors has become a thing of the past in Illinois, and henceforth a man who is capable of reading newspapers, forming an opinion, or giving evidence of the possession of brains, is not incompetent to sit in the jury-box. The statute of the Legislature governing this reformation provides that it shall not be a cause of challenge that a juror has read in the newspapers an account of the commission of the crime with which the prisoner is charged, if such juror shall state, on oath, that he

believes he can render an impartial verdict, according to the law and evidence; and, provided, further, that in the trial of any criminal cause, the fact that a person called as a juror has formed an opinion or expression, based upon a rumor or newspaper report (about the truth of which he has expressed no opinion), shall not disqualify him to serve as juror in such case, if he shall, upon oath, state that he believes he can fairly and impartially render a verdict therein, in accordance with the law and evidence, and the court shall be satisfied of the truth of such statement.

THE SUPERIORITY OF NARROW GAUGE RAILROADS is by this time pretty thoroughly established. One by one the prominent companies are changing from the broad to the narrow, the Grand Trunk from Portland to Montreal being the last. The advantages of this system may be seen by referring to the Denver and Rio Grande Company in Colorado, owning the longest narrow-gauge road in the country. An ordinary freight-car weighs eight and a half tons, and will carry ten tons. A narrow-gauge car weighs less than three tons, and carries five and a half tons of freight. There is a saving of more than thirty tons of car-weight for each one hundred tons of freight, and two hundred and sixty-two pounds in dead weight to each passenger. Again, the narrow gauge of three feet costs less than one-half as much to construct as the four feet eight and a half inches gauge. The decreased amount of dead weight carried with each car is another strong point in favor of the change. From these considerations it is probable that the alteration of old roads and construction of new ones will do much towards solving the question of cheap transportation.

CHILD LIFE IN SHAKERDOM appears to be controlled by the strictest discipline. If the reports on the methods of punishment are correct, there should be an immediate interference by humane people in behalf of these juveniles. A child never receives a blow. If refractory, he or she is laid flat on the floor, face down, and kept in that position until faint, or ready to promise "never to do so again." Another plan is to envelop the child with a large sack, tying it round the neck. Should the child refuse to get into the bag, it is drawn over the refractory one, and then, head, feet, and all enveloped, he or she is left to repent of the offensive disobedience. The girls and boys must not converse together. If they happen to meet, and if a roguish youngster is bold enough to break the silence with some pretty maiden, the maiden must be deaf and dumb to him. Those from eight to a dozen years of age "go to confession" every Saturday, and "own up" (or are supposed) to the little sins of the week that have escaped the notice of their guardians. And as they receive special approval after an apparently very full confession, they early learn to conjure up quite enormous stories, knowing that they "gull" their confessors into a deeper belief in their penitence.

H. A. BOWEN is a candidate for Congress in place of Lieutenant-Governor Woodford, who has just resigned for personal considerations. Governor Woodford was so good a legislator while in his Congressional seat from Brooklyn that his resignation gives to the State and the country a sorry loss. He had so many good qualities, was so free from chicanery, and so faithfully devoted to honest measures of government, that it would be hard to replace him. A good man should have his unexpired term. The man who is "going in" for the vacancy is the aforesaid Henry A. Bowen, nephew of H. C. Bowen of Beecher-Tilton fame. It is fair to say of H. A. Bowen that he has nothing whatever to do with that fame. But that he should succeed so good a man as Woodford, that he should go to Congress at all, is one of the most ridiculous and contemptible ideas that we ever heard spoken of. What, in the name of justice, intelligence, anything, could he do in Congress? Vote? Maybe he could vote; but, for heaven's sake, gentlemen, we have so many voters and so few intellectual legislators already. We appeal to you, Republicans of Brooklyn, managers of the Custom House, and you, Mr. Jolly-Tar Robeson of the Navy Yard, don't let this Bowen go to Congress.

EXCITEMENT ABOUT THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD in the Black Hills ran pretty high after the return of General Custer's party. It really appeared that California was to be robbed of its fame as the great gold-bearing State. Professor Winchell's report, however, leaves no doubt that the greatest exaggeration was employed in the early accounts of this wonder-land. California need not be jealous of the Black Hills; but let her look elsewhere. Gold has just been discovered in the Blue Mountains, and prospectors are satisfied that it is in paying quantities. In Lisbon, N. H., there is a mine that yields \$20 per ton of ore, from which a \$400-lump was taken a few days ago. Georgia, too, possesses promising mines in the vicinity of Dahlonega. A piece of gold ore was recently taken from the Vine Branch mines, six miles from Dahlonega, worth about \$10,000 per ton. Large and powerful mills are being constructed; one recently constructed cost \$12,000, and can crush one hundred tons of ore per day at a cost of about twenty dollars. The ore from the mine where this mill is located averages about one dollar per ton thus a profit of \$80 per day. And still we are obliged to use disease-spreading greenbacks.

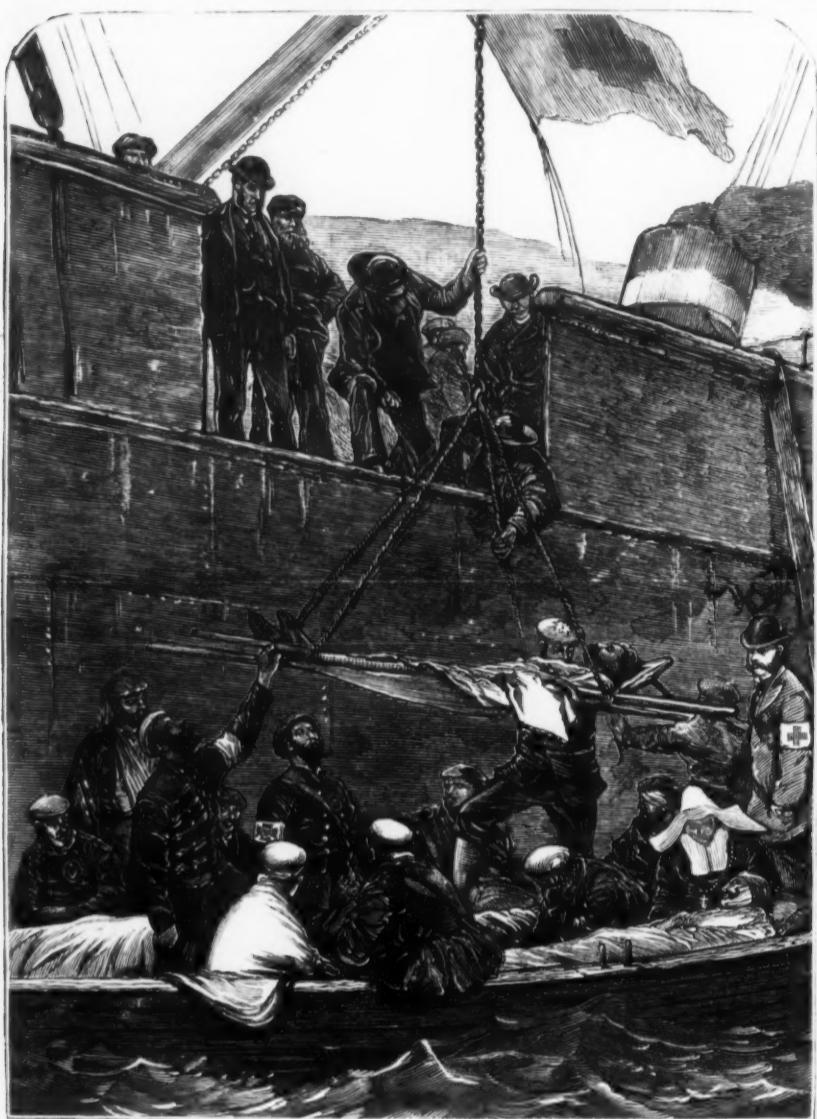
HON. MATT CARPENTER took a fee from Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, in a case before the Supreme Court of the United States. That is, as a lawyer, he performed legal service in that case; "saw that justice was done;" and received his professional pay for the work he did. There is no law which requires a Congressman or Senator to discontinue his private business. Bankers who are elected to Congress do not discontinue the business of banking, and lawyers elected to the Senate do not leave the profession of the law. When the Louisiana matter came before the Senate, Mr. Carpenter took a side opposite to Kellogg. That is, he legally, in the Supreme Court, argued legally, for

his client. In the Senate, as a statesman, or, if you please, as a politician, he argued for political justice. The Hon. Matt is getting a plenty of abuse for doing two things; but while we consider him one of the most indolent and impolitic of men, we think he is entitled to more praise than blame in the Louisiana case, so far as documents up to date justify any opinion on the subject. True, it is not desirable that legislators should have anything to do with business outside of their legislative rooms; but we must remedy the errors of the system before we blame the men who live under it. Mr. Greeley did not resign the editorship of the *Tribune* when he went to Congress; Mr. Raymond was an editor while he was in the State Assembly and Senate; and only a Secretary of the Treasury is prohibited from being in business. But men must live, and so long as Washington expenses are high, and Senators have families to support, there is need for them to make more money than is paid to their office. If "good taste" alone is to be consulted, we had better always to elect beggars to office.

ARCHEOLOGICAL STUDENTS will doubtless be much gratified with the opening of two new fields for investigation—one in Southern Arizona, the other in Illinois. About a year ago the construction of irrigating canals was commenced in the Pueblo Viejo Valley, lying on the south of the Gila River. While thus at work, surveyors very unexpectedly came upon a chain of cities in ruins, in some instances the walls being above the surface. An examination of the countless *tumuli* in the vicinity revealed large quantities of pottery, household utensils and human bones, but no weapons of war. Some of the hammers or axes were of a quality of stone harder than any now in use, while of the clay vessels many showed the clearest evidences of the Roman style of decoration. Pebbles of ebony hue externally, but transparent when held to the light, were scattered about. Various conjectures were formed of the race of people who built and inhabited these cities, as well as the cause of the destruction. From the quantity of human bones and the mass of charcoal lying close to them, it is possible that the cities were either destroyed by fire or the places in question had been devoted to the purpose of cremation. Some have considered these remains as representing a semi-civilized tribe conquered by Montezuma; while others claim that Mexico never produced specimens of pottery similar to those of this place. The second field is a high table-land on Rock River, Illinois, some six miles from Rockford City. Excavations were made in a great mound, and at a depth of nine feet a tablet of Niagara spar was found, with traced and beveled edges, and a series of eccentric carvings that probably were designed to perpetuate some event. Six of the figures correspond perfectly with Libyan characters, letters of the oldest African nations. Fourteen distinct figures may be traced on the tablet, including those of a well-formed fish, a lizard, and two serpents. As in Arizona, a quantity of bones and small pieces of rock exhibiting perfect fin-marks were found near the tablet. This is the most recent examination of the work of the Mound-builders in the West; and as further excavations are to be made, many theories concerning the early settlement of Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Mississippi and West Virginia may be established thereby.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY towards the United States is explained by the Chicago *Tribune* from the lips of one whom it calls a trustworthy gentleman, in a story which is hard to believe. That paper says: "When Governor Curtin, on the eve of his return to this country, went, in his capacity as Minister to Russia, to take formal leave of the Emperor, the latter closed the conversation substantially in these words: 'I wish, sir, that you would, upon your return, express my hearty thanks to the American people for the reception they have given to my son, the Grand Duke Alexis.' This, it will be remembered, was shortly after General Grant had refused to return Alexis's call, and the latter had left Washington in disgust. Governor Curtin noticed the Emperor's failure to send thanks to the Government as well as the people. He supposed, however, that it was a slip of the tongue until the Empress bade farewell in almost precisely the same words. 'I shall be happy,' said he, 'to carry your Majesty's thanks to my Government and people.' 'I sent my thanks, sir,' the Empress retorted, 'to the people—and only to the people.' Governor Curtin afterwards complained of the slight that had thus been publicly put upon the Government he represented. He was invited by Gortschakoff to a conference on the subject. Three books were brought in from the archives of the Foreign Office. The first contained an autograph letter from Napoleon III., asking Russia to join with England and France in breaking up the Federal blockade and guaranteeing the independence of the Confederacy. The letter asserted that England had already promised her co-operation, which was probably a lie. The second book contained the Emperor's reply. He flatly declined the alliance proposed by Napoleon, and declared that in the event of any European interference in the war, Russia would actively aid the North. The third book had within it copies of the sealed orders given to the Russian Admiral who, as our readers will remember, brought his fleet into New York harbor during the war. The orders directed him to proceed at once, with his whole available force, to New York City; to remain at anchorage there for some time; and, in the event of European interference with the blockade, to put himself and his whole force at the command of the Cabinet at Washington, and promise abundant and speedy reinforcements. While Governor Curtin stared, dumbfounded, at these unexpected proofs of Russia's steadfast fidelity to the Union cause, Gortschakoff said to him: 'Perhaps you can appreciate now, sir, why the Emperor and Empress sent their thanks to the people who have honored the Grand Duke Alexis, and not to the Government that has insulted him. We saved your country, and now your President insults our representative. It is too much.' Curtin quite agreed with him, and the interview ended."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 87.



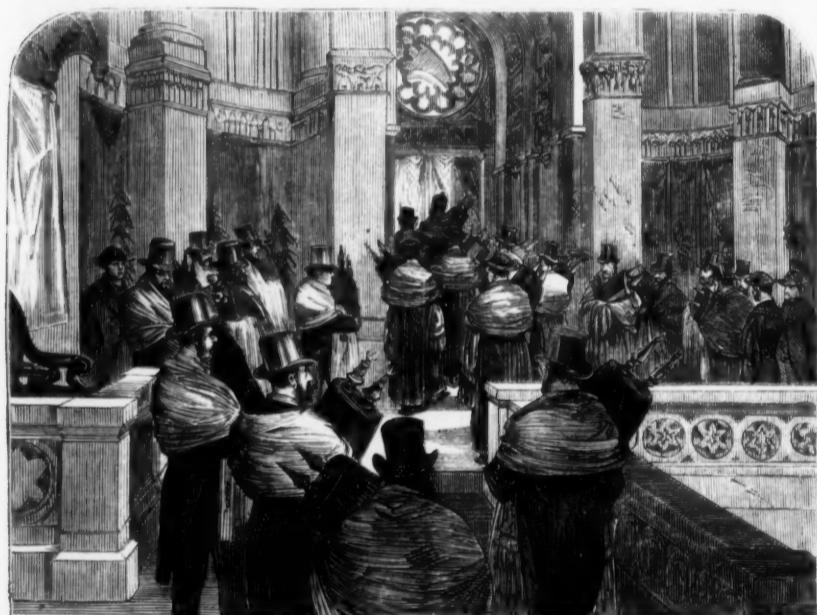
SPAIN.—CARLIST WAR—EMBARKATION OF DISABLED CARLIST SOLDIERS ON BOARD THE "SOMORROSTRO," CHARTERED BY THE ENGLISH SOCIETY FOR AIDING SPANISH SICK AND WOUNDED.



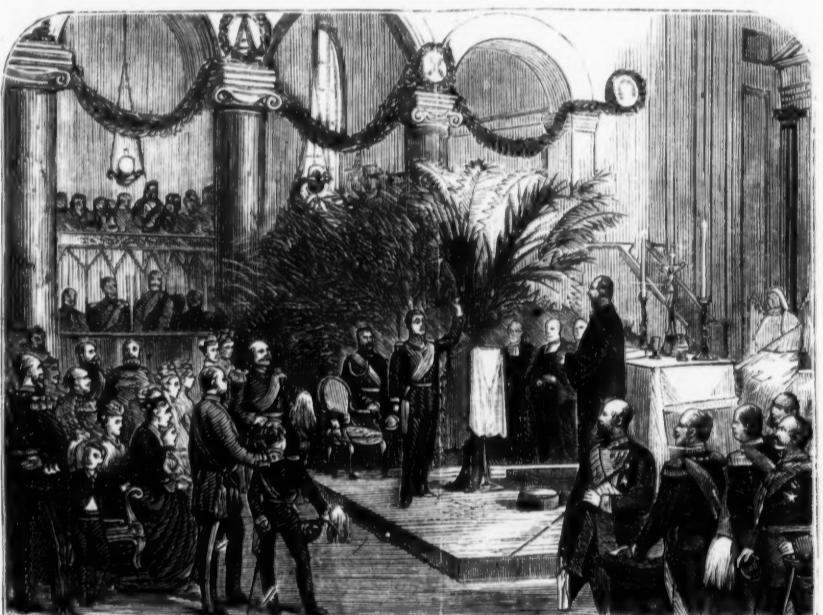
FRANCE.—THE VINTAGE IN BAS LANGUEDOC.



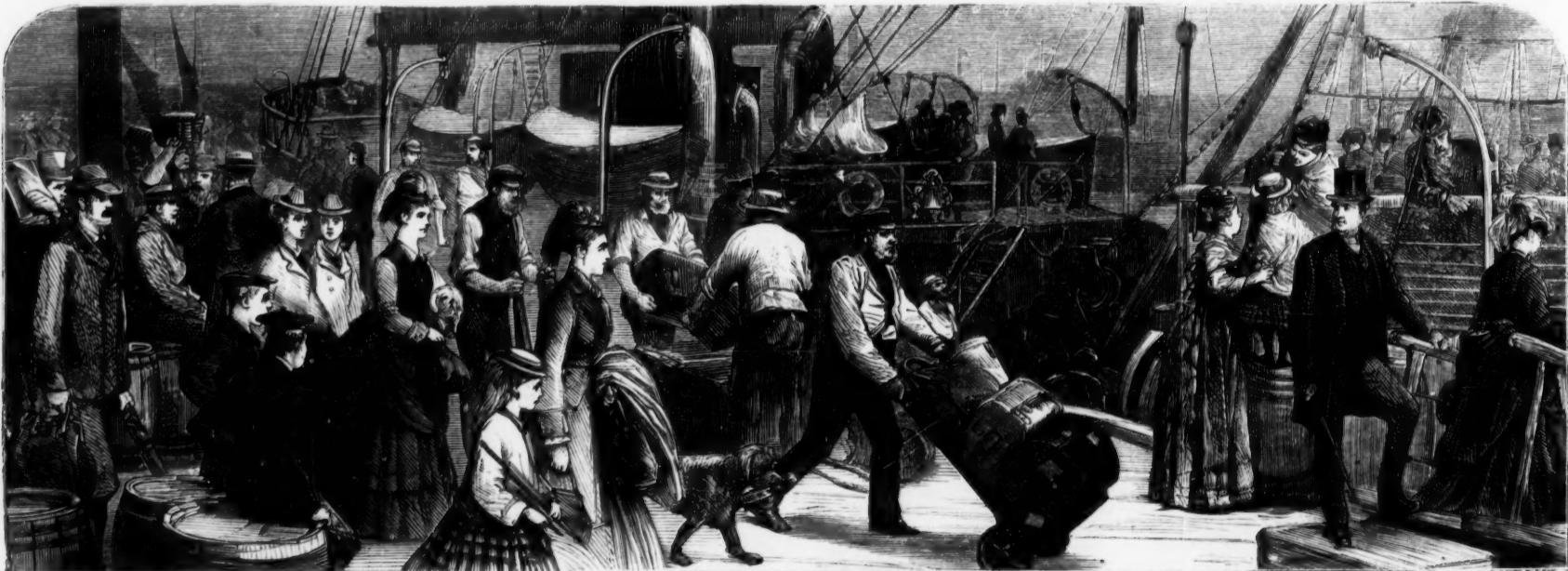
ENGLAND.—SOUTHPORT—THE NEW AQUARIUM.



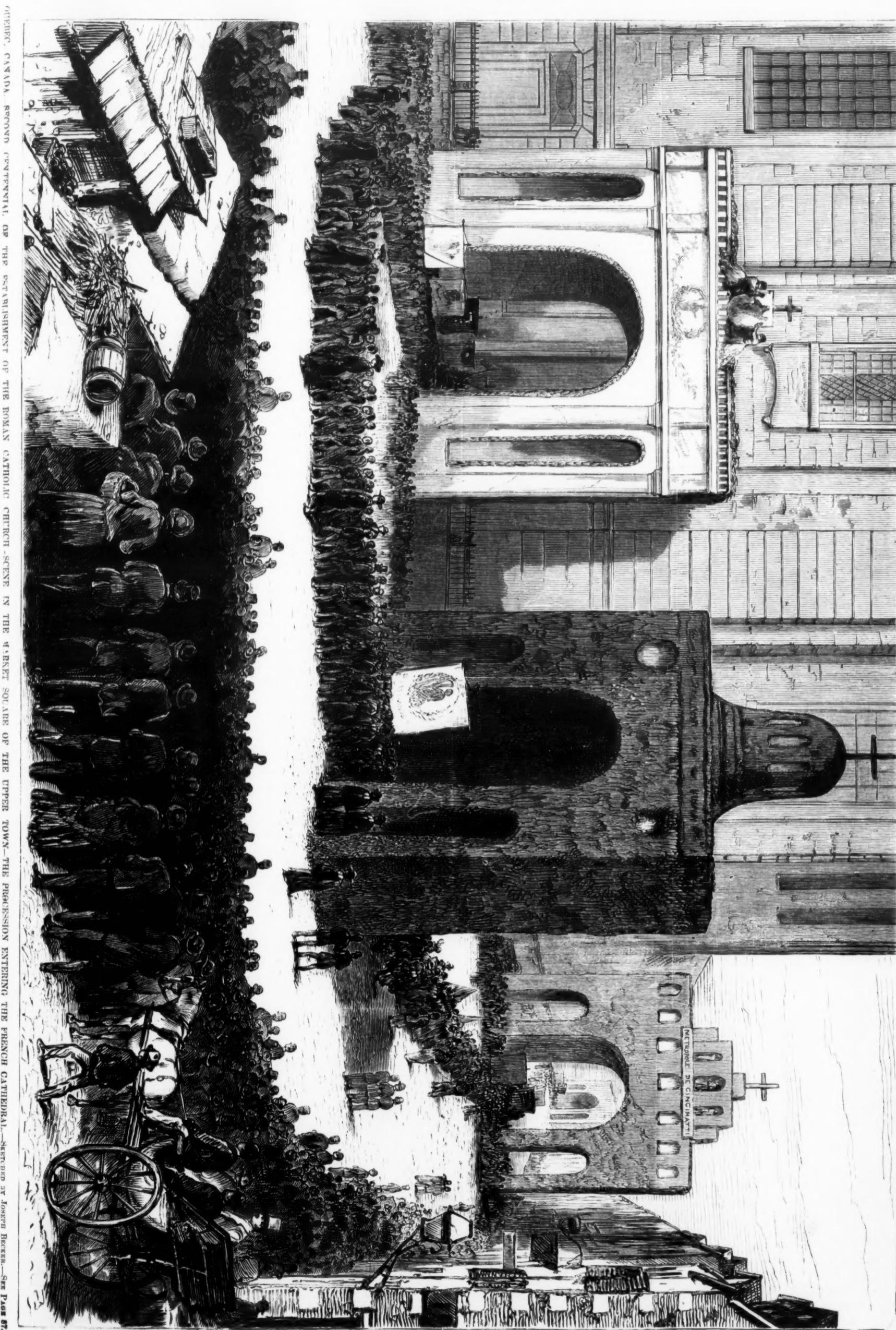
FRANCE.—PARIS—INAUGURATION OF THE NEW SYNAGOGUE—THE "SEPHARIM" BEING CARRIED INTO THE TABERNACLE.



GERMANY.—CONFIRMATION OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM VICTOR ALBERT, ELDEST SON OF THE CROWN-PRINCE OF GERMANY.



ENGLAND.—AUTUMN TRAVEL—GOING TO SCOTLAND BY SEA.



## THE FUCHSIA.

**W**ITHIN the mountain lodge we sat, At night, and watched the slanted snow, Blown headlong over hill and moor, And heard from dell and tarn below, The loosened torrents thundering slow.

Twas such a night as drowns the stars, And blots the moon from out the sky; We could not see our favorite larch, Yet heard it rave incessantly, As the white whirlwinds drifted by.

Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar Their stern intrusion from the door; Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand, And, from an inner chamber, bore A book renowned by sea and shore.

And, as you flung it open, lo! Between the pictured leaflets lay— Embalmed by processes of Time— A gift of mine—a fuchsia spray—I gathered, one glad holiday.

Then, suddenly, the chamber changed, And we forgot the snow and wind; Once more we paced a garden path, With even feet and even mind— That red spray in your hair confined.

The cistus trembled by the porch, The shadow round the dial moved; I knew this, though I marked them not, For I had spoken, unreproved, And, dreamlike, knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife! when falls a darker night, May some pure flower of memory, Hide in the volume of the soul, Bring back, o'er life's tormented sea, As dear a peace to you and me.

## AT THE

## Sign of the Silver Flagon

BY  
B. L. FARJEON,Author of "Grif," "Blade o' Grass," "Jessie Trim,"  
"Golden Grain," etc.

## PART THE FIRST.

## THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

## VIII.

GOD BLESS EVERYBODY.

"**B**UT I haven't finished yet," said Mr. Hart, after a short pause. "I've another condition."

"Another!" exclaimed Philip, with an inclination to turn ill-humored. "You are insatiable. And how many more after that, pray?"

"None."

"That's a mercy. Out with your last condition—which I'll not comply with."

"Which you will comply with. Where did you get those flowers from?"

"Where did I get them from? I rode a dozen miles for them—and I'd ride a thousand if she bade me."

"Or fly to the moon, or swim, or dive in the fire, or ride on the clouds, no doubt!"

"Yes, if she wanted me to. She has but to speak."

"Quite right," said Mr. Hart, turning his face from Philip, so that the smile on his lips should not be seen; "but that's not my concern. This is. Mind what I say, sir; I'll have no more flowers thrown to my singing chambermaid."

"Oh," retorted Philip, "now it's you'll not have this, and you'll not have that! Very well then. I wish you good-night."

And off he walked, taking huge strides purposefully, and stretching his legs to their utmost.

"No, no, Philip!" cried Mr. Hart, running after him and laughing heartily at the wit of the retort. "No, no; I'm serious."

"And so am I," said Philip, stopping so that Mr. Hart might come up to him. "No more flowers, eh? Why, I'll smother her with them every night. I'll compel you to engage some one to carry them off the stage. No more flowers? I'll show you! Why, I'm going to scour the country for flowers, and I shall set seeds all round my tent."

"If you'll wait for the flowers to grow, I shall be satisfied. You can't make them come up by blowing on them with your hot words and hot breath. But seriously, Philip, there must be no more flower-throwing."

Briefly he explained the reason why, and the upshot of it all was that Philip promised. Then Mr. Hart said that Philip had better return with him to the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle Hotel; it was too late for him to walk back to his reef.

"I can give you a shake-down in my bedroom," said Mr. Hart.

"All right," said Philip, and thought with ecstasy, "I shall be near Margaret; I shall sleep under the same roof as Margaret."

"Have you anything to drink?" asked Philip, when they were in Mr. Hart's room.

Mr. Hart wanted Philip to sleep in his bed, which was but a stretcher, barely wide enough for one, but Philip would not hear of it; so they got a raw mattress, and laid it on the floor, and Philip tossed off his clothes, and stretched himself upward on his hard bed (and slept upon it afterwards as though it were eider-down), in a state of complete satisfaction with himself and every one in the world. It was while he was lying like this, and while Mr. Hart, more methodical than his companion, was slowly undressing himself, that Philip had asked if he had anything to drink.

"I'll get something," said Mr. Hart, and left the room, and returned with a bottle and glasses.

While he was gone, Philip looked about him, and soon discovered that his Margaret's bed-room was immediately above him. He gazed at the ceiling with rapture, and sent kisses thitherwards. A single partition parted him from his sweethearts. He fancied that he could hear her soft breathing. The same roof covered them. It was as yet his nearest approach to heaven.

"Here's to Margaret," said Philip, holding up his glass.

"To Margaret," responded Mr. Hart, "and happiness to you both."

"Another toast," said Philip; "To my old dad and the dear old Silver Flagon."

They drank the toast.

"What is the Silver Flagon?" asked Mr. Hart.

"One of these days, perhaps, I'll tell you," replied Philip.

But Philip never told him. One of these days Mr. Hart found out for himself.

The light was put out, and Mr. Hart knelt by a corner of his stretcher, and prayed for a few moments. He was praying for his daughter. Philip

saw the shadow of the kneeling man; it made him very tender toward Mr. Hart.

"Heathen that I am!" he whispered to himself. "I haven't knelt at my bedside for many a long month." Then he prayed in silence, without getting out of bed.

"Are you comfortable, Philip?" asked Mr. Hart, presently.

"I am very happy," replied Philip. "Good-night—God bless you."

"And you, my boy. Good-night."

Philip thought, "I am glad my Margaret has had such a protector. God bless everybody!" The next moment he was asleep.

He was up an hour after the sun, and off to his reef. Things were looking well there. Mr. Hart had spoken to the proprietor of the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle, whose name, by-the-way, as something has to be said concerning him, it may be as well to mention. You will have heard it before—it was Smith. Mr. Hart had spoken to Mr. Smith about Philip's reef, saying what a pity it was that there was no crushing-machine near such rich stone, and what fortune a man might make who had money and enterprise enough to erect one. Mr. Smith had both. Four years ago he was a bricklayer in the old country, and one day, for want of something better to do—he was out of work at the time—he emigrated. This is a literal fact. He arose early in the morning, with no intention of going away; strolled to the London Docks, and saw a ship making ready to start; was told that it would sail for Gravesend in the afternoon; inquired the price of a steerage passage, and found that he had just money enough in his pocket, and a trifle over, the scrapings and savings of ten years' bricklaying; had a chat with an enthusiast, who painted Australia in the colors of the rainbow, and then painted England in ditch-colors. Mr. Smith considered, What was the use of grinding one's life away in such a country as England? What was there to look forward to, to hope for, to work for? A poor man's grave. Born a bricklayer, died a bricklayer; that might be his epitaph, if he left money enough to pay for one. "I should like to go with you," said Smith. "Come, then," said the enthusiast. "I'm afraid there's not time," said Smith; "there's my old mother. I couldn't leave without saying good-by to her." "What's your name?" asked the enthusiast. "Smith," replied Smith. The enthusiast gave a start, and uttered an exclamation, "What's the matter?" asked Smith. "Nothing," said the enthusiast; "only I was thinking that I should like you to come." "But how is it to be managed?" inquired Smith, glancing at the name of the vessel, with his mouth watering. It was a nine-hundred-ton ship, called the *Gold Packet*. "But how is it to be managed? A man that I know emigrated a year ago, and he had to buy bedding, and tin cups, and soap, and towels, and I don't know what all." "I'll manage it for you," said the enthusiast. "You go home and say good-by to your mother. Be back here at one o'clock. By that time I'll have your passage-ticket, and your berth, and everything ready for you. What do you say?" "What do I say? There's my hand upon it, and thank you. I'll do it;" and with quickened pulses he hastened home, kissed the amazed old woman, promised to send her plenty of money from Australia, and to make a lady of her in five years, and was back to the *Gold Packet* at one o'clock. "You're a man of mettle," said the enthusiast; "you're just the sort for the gold-diggers. You'll make your fortune there as sure as eggs are eggs. Here's your ticket. Come downstairs; I'll show you your berth and things." "How much does it all come to?" asked Smith. The enthusiast penciled some figures on a piece of paper, and gave it to Smith, who looked at the items, and added them up. Everything was correct; he handed the enthusiast the money, and had exactly two shillings and fourpence left to conquer the new world with. Smith went down-stairs (to speak courteously of the descent) into the den where the steerage passengers were packed, and the enthusiast showed him his berth, his bedding, his cups, and other necessary paraphernalia. The enthusiast showed these things to Smith, but Smith could scarcely see them, the place was so dark. Smith was not daunted because the place was dismal, and because it was filled with women crying, and children screaming, and men growling. Smith's soul rose to the occasion; he had a spirit above a bricklayer's; with his passage-ticket in his hand, and two shillings and fourpence in his pocket, he felt himself a king. When he went on to the deck he did not see the enthusiast, but he did not miss him; he was so interested in what was going on about him, the hurrying to and fro, the shouting, the singing of the sailors, the hauling of ropes. In an hour the ship was off, winding its way through very labyrinth of boats and ships and ropes. Then Smith glanced at the passage-ticket.

"Hallo!" he said, "they've made a mistake in my Christian name. I'm William Smith, not John." Let me mention here, briefly, that our Smith never set eyes again on the enthusiast, whose name also was Smith, prefixed by John; it was his passage-ticket, indeed, that our Smith held in his hand. All the time he had been painting in the most glorious colors the splendid attractions of the gold-fields on the other side of the world he had been filled with the most gloomy forebodings. His courage had failed him at the last moment, and seizing the opportunity which had so fortunately presented itself of giving the new world another Smith instead of himself, he had sold his passage-ticket and bedding and cooking-utensils to the bricklayer, and after receiving the money for them bade good-by to the *Gold Packet* and all the fair promises it held out.

With his two shillings and fourpence in his pocket, William Smith passed through Port Philip Heads, and from that day Fortune smiled upon him. In a fortnight he was on the gold-fields; in six months he was a speculator; in twelve, he had saved a thousand pounds; and now he was proprietor of a fine hotel and a theatre, and had a dozen other ironies in the fire, not one of which did he allow to grow cold.

I think I shall be pardoned for this digression. This story is of the mosaic kind, and although there are many strange bits in it—one somewhat weird, which will be seen—I hope none will be found incongruous, but that they will all fit in one with another and form a complete whole.

Mr. Hart, then, had spoken to William Smith about Philip's golden reef, and what a chance there was for a crushing-machine. The same day William Smith walked to the reef, examined the stone, went down the shaft, chipped here and there, putting two or three bits of gold and stone in his pocket, as treasure-trove, came up from the hole, strolled about the locality, Argus-eyed, and made up his mind. He spoke it to Philip and his mate; said he:

"In three weeks I will have a machine erected here, with twelve heads of stampers, which shall be working day and night, and which shall crush fifteen tons of quartz every twenty-four hours. You have raised, I should say, about a hundred and fifty tons of quartz; you shall put half a dozen men to work in your claim—I will provide the money for their wages—and in these three weeks you shall raise another hundred tons. I will do this on the

following terms: you shall contract to give me the first two hundred tons of quartz to crush, and I will contract to crush it at the rate of three ounces of gold per ton." (The shrewd speculator had seen clearly enough that there was plenty of gold in the stone to pay him and leave a handsome margin; indeed, he calculated that the quartz already raised from the bowels of the earth and lying on the surface of the claim would yield not less than twelve ounces to the ton.) "The next two hundred tons I will crush for two and a half ounces of gold per ton; the next two hundred for two ounces per ton."

(Some men are born with a genius for figures; William Smith was one; and he had already totted up in his mind that the crushing of these six hundred tons of quartz would bring him in no less than six thousand pounds, and that it could all be done in fifteen days. His six thousand pounds would pay all the expenses of labor and the purchase and erection of the machine, which in little more than a fortnight after it was put up would stand him in nothing. There were many chances of this kind in the gold-fields for enterprising men.) "After that we can make new arrangements."

Philip and his mate jumped at the offer. Then practical William Smith, to their astonishment and admiration, told them that although he had been but a short time on the range—it could not have been more than three hours altogether—he had settled on the very spot where the machine was to be erected. He showed them the place. It was on the slope of a natural basin, which, with a little labor, could be made into a splendid reservoir for the rain. Here the machine was to be erected; here the dam was to be built; here the sheds for the washing-out and retorting of the gold were to be put up. All was arranged. The only thing that would be wanted was water. "Pray for rain," said William Smith; and fancying that he saw in Philip's face an intention to fall on his knees that instant, cried out, in a fright, "Not now! not now! In a fortnight, when the dam is ready." So Philip deferred his prayers for two weeks.

Now it was manifestly impossible to get a crushing-machine from the capital of the colony in time. But William Smith, when he made his offer, knew what he was about. He knew of a machine on a neighboring gold-field not many miles away, which had been erected in a foolish spot, where it was practically useless, for the quartz would not yield sufficient gold to pay expenses of labor. Those who had bought and erected the machine had done so on the credit of a small patch of gold which they had found, and which they thought would lead them to precious deposits. They found no more gold, or not sufficient to pay. They built castles in the air—which practical William Smith never did; he always went upon solid ground, and seldom made a mistake. Before he was two days older he had bought the machine for a quarter of its value, and fifty men were set to work on it, so that it was almost literally torn down. But he had an experienced man at the head of his workers, and everything was done right. Fifty more men were working at the reservoir, and on the very day succeeding the scene which had taken place between Philip and Mr. Hart, the first portion of the crushing-machine arrived on the ground. This kept Philip busy, and although he was burning to get away to his Margaret, he could not do so until the night. The first thing that he saw when he went behind the scenes was one of the flowers he had bought the night before. He raised his eyes from the flower to Margaret's face, for the flower was in her bosom.

"Ah!" he sighed, flushing with delight. Of such simple things are life's sweetest pleasures born.

The bunch of flowers had, of course formed a fruitful subject of conversation among the members of the dramatic company, and, of course, Margaret was obliged to make a confidant of some one of her own sex. The Leading Lady was out of the question; so the First Old Woman, the mother of the baby, received Margaret's confidences; and being a good-hearted, unselfish creature, and delighted at the opportunity of indulging in a little bit of match-making, she listened, and smiled, and congratulated the young girl.

"To-morrow it is Saint Valentine's Day," she sang. "You've come to Silver Creek for something. Here, my dear, nurse my baby, and get your hand in."

Which caused Margaret to blush furiously.

"Oh," cried Margaret, "but there's been nothing said between us!"

"Nothing, my dear!" exclaimed the First Old Woman, with a mischievous laugh. "Really nothing!"

"Well, nothing very particular."

"Indeed!" said the First Old Woman, with good-humored sarcasm. "I'm coming behind the scenes every night saying nothing? Was standing outside your window last night for a full hour and a half—I saw him with my own eyes, my dear!—was that saying nothing? I declare! then I shall set my cap at him; I may as well take a chance in the lottery. He's as handsome a young fellow as ever walked in two shoes, and if you intend to disappoint him—"

"Oh, but I don't," interrupted Margaret, apprehensively.

Whereupon they fell to kissing one another, and baby came in for her share.

IX.  
"I AM GOING TO SPEAK OUT," SAID PHILIP.

WHEN Philip made his appearance that evening behind the scenes, the First Old Woman smiled significantly at him, and once, of malice aforethought, she cried to him:

"Oh, dear me! I'm wanted on the stage! Hold my baby, Mr. Rowe, till I come off again."

And before he had time to utter a word one way or another, baby was in his arms, and the mother darted away.

Philip was not ashamed of his burden; he nursed the little thing tenderly, and Margaret, who was on the stage at the time, looked at him furtively as he was kissing the mite, and her mind was in such a whirl, that for the first time during her engagement she forgot the words she had to speak. Little did the unconscious baby suspect the important part she was playing in the sentimental comedy.

Later on in the night, Philip said to Margaret, "I am going to speak out."

This was the very thing she was pining for, and now that her wish was about to be gratified, she cried, "If you dare, sir!" saucily, mischievously, coquettishly.

Then what did Margaret do but lead him into a more retired spot, where, if he did speak out, no one but herself could hear him.

"If you dare, sir!" she repeated, with a smile which magnetized him. But there was no occasion for that: he was bewitched already.

"Call me Philip," he entreated.

"Philip," she sighed. It was like the whisper of a rose.

He was radiant: the joy in his heart was reflected in his face. He toyed with her fingers. Never were chains more potent.

"What is that in your hand?" said she.

"A letter."

"To me? Give it to me!" She held out her little hand eagerly.

"It is not for you."

"Oh, indeed!"

She tore her fingers from his grasp, for he had taken them and kissed them.

"But you may read it."

She nestled to him again, and looked remorseful.

When she pleaded mutely for forgiveness, with her pretty face upturned to his, what would you have done? He did what you would have done—and did it again—and again—and—

"No, sir," she cried, putting her hand upon her must not; some one will be coming this way—

There was nothing for it, as her lips were covered, but to kiss her neck; and he did so, until she lay in his arms panting.

"You frighten me," she sighed; "and if you are not still, I'll run away."

And she meant it. She had been made love to a hundred times upon the stage, but those were sham engagements, and her gentle breast was not fluttered by them, nor was her sweet nature spoilt by them. This sort of thing was quite different.

and children scampered about the gullies and over the adjacent hills. The stores, the principal one of which and the most favored by the diggers belonged to William Smith, were doing a roaring business.

A wise man, William Smith; no half-hearted worker; what he did was thoroughly done. He was an honest, straightforward man, too, driving a hard bargain always, and always to his own advantage; but those he dealt with had their gains also, and they knew that his words were to be depended upon down to the last letter. Wherever he competed he took the lead, and deservedly.

His hotel was the best in Silver Creek; the best accommodation was to be found there, the best liquors were to be obtained there. His theatre was a model of comfort. His store on The Margaret Reef (I have not had time before to tell you that Philip had christened it The Margaret) immediately he knew the name of his sweetheart) was as complete as it was possible for a store on the gold-diggings to be. He sold the best of everything—the best and nastiest water-tight boots with square toes and clean cut nails in the soles, the strongest laces, the stoutest and soundest drill and calico for tents and flies, the sturdiest steel for gads, the most serviceable serge and Scotch twill shirts, the finest pea-jackets, the most expensive cabbage-tree and Panama hats, the best tobacco, and everything else of the first quality.

His store was the post-office, and there was a corner in it where the diggers could write their letters and read the *Silver Creek Herald* and the *Silv Creek Mercury*.

He had planned roads, and had some idea of using his influence for the laying out of a township by the government. In his way, William Smith was a small Moses; with room and opportunity and a thousand men at his back he could have laid the solid foundation of a great nation. He had the true legislative faculties for such an undertaking, and I am sure that he would have looked after Number One. The bricklayer might have become ruler of men.

The scene, altogether, that was to be witnessed day and night on The Margaret Reef was such as never can be witnessed in an old country. In civilized countries men seem to go about their work with a sadness upon them, and as if they were laboring under some kind of oppression. In such-like places as I am describing, men rise in the morning and set about their work with smiles and vigor and hearty cheerfulness.

I have said that the dam was built and ready for water. William Smith said the same thing to Philip at the conclusion of a conversation. He was in high spirits; there were two hundred and fifty tons of quartz ready for crushing lying in great heaps near the shaft. Half of it was burnt, and was ready for the machine; the other half was piled in the wood kilns and was blazing away, filling the air with not the pleasantest arsenical fumes. Other shafts were being sunk along the brow of The Margaret, and one or two were beginning to yield gold-bearing stone.

"What do you think it will crush?" asked Philip of William Smith, as they stood by a heap of the quartz which had been burnt.

William Smith poked about the stone and averaged it, a piece from one place, a piece from another, a piece from another. He saw plenty of gold in it.

"About nine ounces to the ton, I should say," replied William Smith. "We'll first crush fifty tons, and wash up and see what the yield is. Then we'll go straight on with two hundred tons, and get the biggest cake of gold that has ever been seen in Silver Creek and exhibit it in High Street. It'll do the diggings good."

"When shall we commence to crush?"

"We shall be ready in three days. All we want is water in the dam. Now's the time to pray for rain."

Philip went straight to Margaret, as one goes to one's high-priest.

"Pray for rain, my darling," he said; "pray for rain;" and told her the reason why.

Margaret prayed for rain, obediently, as she had been bidden, and prayed for it so hard that, whether you will believe it or not, such a downpour commenced on Silver Creek at ten o'clock that night as had never been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant—a veteran of two years or less. Silver Creek overflowed its banks, and the lower parts of the township were flooded. Philip was wild with joy.

"You duck!" he said to Margaret—he was in the theatre when the rain commenced—"this is all your doing."

We sober-going persons know, of course, that it was only a coincidence. Margaret, however, smiled demurely. She was quite ready to take the credit of it; she would not have been a woman else. But it was rather a stretch on Philip's part.

Philip looked anxious. He wanted rain, but he was a little bit afraid of such a downpour as this, thinking that the dam might not be strong enough to bear it. Philip ran to Margaret and told her of Smith's fears.

"The dam not strong enough!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, but it is!"

Philip was satisfied. The most profound logic could not have so convinced him of the soundness of the dam. He could not convince William Smith, however, for Smith was not in love. That enterprising person wanted to set out at once for The Margaret Reef, but it was impossible to get there in such a storm. Raging torrents were in the way. Smith fretted that he could not whistle them aside. But he did not fret long; he accepted the inevitable with a bad grace. Philip accepted it in a very different fashion; but then it was pleasant to him, for it compelled him to remain for the night in the hotel where Margaret was. He had also a little private business to do with Mr. Hart. Margaret had related to him the incident on the road which had led to the baby becoming a shareholder in Hart's Star Dramatic Company, and how that it was Mr. Hart who had suggested it. Philip, who was fond of children, was mightily pleased, and was loud in his praises of Mr. Hart, and Margaret chimed in. She loved the old man; and indeed they both had occasion to be grateful to him. Between them they had concocted a plan—that is to say, Philip had concocted it, and Margaret had said "yes, yes," to everything; which, in Philip's eyes, made her the author of it. What that plan was will now be seen.

The performance concluded at eleven o'clock. The roof of the theatre was made of zinc, and the rain fell on it so heavily and loudly that not a word could be heard within the walls. But the actors went on with their parts nevertheless, and to keep the audience in a good humor, introduced dances in the piece, and played such impromptu antics that the audience rather blessed the storm than otherwise.

"When it is all settled," said Margaret to Philip, "come to my room and knock at the door; then I will come down and give Mr. Hart a kiss."

Philip looked blank at this.

"You goose!" said Margaret. "I have kissed him I don't know how many times. Why, he's over sixty and don't you think he deserves it, sir, for the care he has taken of me?"

"Of course," responded Philip, the cloud in his face clearing. "I am a goose, I know you wouldn't kiss a younger man—unless it was me."

"Not a much younger man," replied Margaret, with a merry laugh as she ran away from him.

(To be continued.)

#### THE SHERMAN-FITCH WEDDING.

FTER many months of preparation, the wedding of Minnie Ewing Sherman, daughter of the General of the Army, to Lieutenant Thomas W. Fitch, of the Engineer Corps, United States Navy, took place in St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, D. C., on Thursday, October 1st. His Grace J. B. Purcell, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Cincinnati, officiated, assisted by Bishop Wood and Magr. Zaton. The occasion was the most brilliant ever seen in the city of brilliancy. Of the 3,000 invitations issued, 1,600 were to the Church. The President, with his Cabinet, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the Army and Navy, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, arrived shortly after ten o'clock. All entitled to appear in uniform were in full attire.

The names of the bridesmaids are: Miss Lizzy Sherman, the General's second daughter; Miss Kitty Phillips of Cincinnati; Miss Fanny Marey, daughter of General Marey, U. S. A.; Miss Alice Bartley, daughter of Judge Bartley, General Sherman's niece; Miss Marie Patterson of St. Louis, a relative of Mrs. Admiral Porter's; Miss Ellie Ewing, daughter of Judge P. B. Ewing of Lancaster, O., niece of Mrs. Sherman; Miss Bessie Smith, daughter of General T. Kirby Smith, U. S. A.; and Miss Ellen Sherman, General Sherman's third daughter, who has not yet left school, and caught her first glimpse of society on this occasion. The groomsmen served in order with the ladies mentioned: Lieutenant C. W. Rae, Engineer Corps, U. S. N.; Lieutenant H. C. Hunter, U. S. N.; George Galvin, Boston; Paymaster Cochrane, U. S. N.; Thomas Ewing Sherman, the brother of the bride; Lieutenant E. Wells, Engineer Corps, U. S. N.; Lieutenant B. R. Russell, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant E. P. Wood, U. S. N.; and, except two civilians of the number, all appeared in full uniform.

The ushers were Lieutenant Robert B. Hine, U. S. N.; John Sherman, Jr.; Lieutenant George M. Totten, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Ed. W. Very, U. S. N.; Hayden Edwards; Lieutenant William Muse, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant Greenleaf, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Hoxie, U. S. A.; F. W. Hacket, and Mr. Hopkins.

The bridal *cortege* in the vestibule remained only long enough to have val's and trains adjusted. Miss Ellen Sherman and Lieutenant Wood led the way from the vestibule into the centre aisle; Miss Bessie Smith and Lieutenant Russell followed; Miss Ellie Ewing and Lieutenant Wells next; then Miss Marie Patterson and Mr. Thomas Ewing Sherman; Miss Alice Bartley and Paymaster George Cochrane; Miss Fanny Marey and Mr. Galvin; Miss Phillips and Lieutenant H. C. Hunter; and Miss Lizzie Sherman, first bridesmaid, with Lieutenant Rae. Last of all, the young bride, leaning upon the arm of her father, who was in the full uniform of his rank as General. Archbishop Purcell wore a purple silk suit, with long train, cored with crimson, heavily embroidered lace rochet, the sleeves of which were lined with crimson to the elbows; stole and chasuble of the most superb description, purple silk stockings, and purple slippers embroidered in gold. The appearance of the venerable prelate was very imposing, and the whole interior scene of the sanctuary at this moment was highly picturesque.

When the music ceased the Archbishop turned to the kneeling couple and addressed them briefly, after which the marriage service of the Catholic Church was performed. The couple were sprinkled with holy water; the ring blessed and sprinkled, and then placed on the bride's hand by the Archbishop. Other prayers followed, after which the Nuptial Mass was celebrated. On the conclusion of this, the immense throng quietly withdrew, and were driven to General Sherman's residence, on North 1 Street, for dinner and congratulations. The parlors of Colonel Routt's house, formerly a part of the Sherman mansion, were devoted to the purpose of the banquet, and were richly decorated with flowers. On a table, in the centre of the apartment, were the wedding presents, which attracted very general attention. An arch was erected in the back parlor, covered with the rarest blooms, from which was suspended a marriage bell composed of lilies, carnations, roses and white jasmin, intermingled with sprays of green, under which the bride and groom stationed themselves for the reception, their attendants ranging in pairs on each side, forming a crescent. Just in the rear of this arch was a magnificent bust in fine Carrara marble, by Emanus of Rome, of General Sherman, which stands upon a marble pedestal.

Minnie is the General's eldest daughter. She is of medium height, has finely cut features, whose attractiveness is heightened by an expression of amiability and intelligence. Her retiring modesty is a conspicuous trait of her character. Two years ago, while on a visit to Fort Leavenworth, then in command of a near relative, Miss Sherman, while out riding one day on horseback, was suddenly and violently thrown from the saddle. The accident jarred her nervous system to a degree that made a journey to Europe necessary. She crossed the ocean with a party of friends, traveled slowly from one famous Spa to another, drinking the waters and trying the baths, and finally joined a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The party turned their faces homeward after more than year's absence, Miss Sherman's health entirely restored. While waiting in London for the day of departure she met her destiny in the person of Lieutenant Thomas W. Fitch, of Commodore Alden's flagship. The Lieutenant was a graduate of the Naval Academy, and a native of New York. Soon after Miss Sherman's return to the United States Lieutenant Fitch obtained leave of absence and presented himself in Washington. The object and success of his visit the ceremonies of Thursday attests.

#### SECOND CENTENNIAL OF THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

A REMARKABLE series of *fêtes* was held in Quebec last week in celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Diocese of Quebec and building of the grand Cathedral. The second centennial was preceded by a *triduum* on the 23rd ult., in the Church of Our Lady, when plenary indulgences were granted to the faithful. At seven o'clock in the evening there were the Salutation and Benediction of the Holy Sacrament. On the 30th, the same ceremonies were repeated, and a sermon preached in English by Mgr. Lynch. The Pontifical Mass was celebrated on the 1st of October, followed by the Apostolic Benediction and *Tu Deum*. The battery of the company under command of Lieutenant Colonel Baby fired a salute of twenty guns, and the band of the *Petit Séminaire* played "God Save the Queen," which was the signal for the departure of

the grand procession. The precious relics possessed by the different congregations were exposed to the veneration of the public in the Chapel of the Seminary, the Ursuline Convent, and the Hotel Dieu. To give greater *éclat* to the *feête*, there was a grand illumination of the city and environs, on the 30th ult., from eight until ten o'clock. The celebration was terminated by a concert in the grand saloon of the Université Laval. Our engraving illustrates the prominent features of the procession in the Market-square, and the entry into the Cathedral.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

EMBARRASSMENT OF CARLIST SICK AND WOUNDED.—This sketch represents the embarkation of the Carlist sick and wounded from the hospitals of Santurce on board the English ship *Somorrostro*, under the charge of Mr. Barrington Kennett, accompanied by Mr. Allen Young, Members of the English Society for Aid to the Spanish Wounded. This society has been formed chiefly by exertions of Messrs. Murrietta, Mr. Cashel Hoey, Lord Beaumont, and a few other persons connected with Spain. When the Carlist forces besieging Bilbao were driven back by Marshal Concha, they left behind them at Santurce over 350 of their sick and wounded. Under these circumstances Mr. Barrington Kennett undertook their removal to the Carlist lines, having obtained the necessary authority from Marshal Concha. During one night and early the following morning nearly all the sick and wounded, together with the *personnel* and *material* of the four Carlist ambulances, including doctors, priests, Sisters of Charity, *infirmiers*, horses, etc., were embarked on board the *Somorrostro*, which had been liberally placed at the disposal of the Society by Mr. Batters. The wounded were conveyed in boats to the ship, which, owing to the rocks, had to anchor some distance from the shore; they were hauled up on their stretchers by the ship's cranes, and let down like baits of goods into the spacious holds, where they were laid in long rows on hay.

THE FRENCH VINTAGE.—There are few more picturesque sights than that presented by the vine growing districts in the South of France, especially in Bas Languedoc, during the vintage season, which commences about the middle of September, and attracts vast numbers of village families from their humble abodes to assist in gathering the luscious grapes hanging temptingly beneath the shade of the clustering leaves, which extend in every direction as far as the eye can reach, replete at intervals by a few small fruit and olive trees. The grape-gathering is performed chiefly by the women and children, who are provided with a peculiarly shaped knife, with the aid of which the bunches of grapes are rapidly detached from the vines and cast into large wooden buckets.

SOUTHPORT AQUARIUM.—On Wednesday, September 16th, the new Aquarium and Winter Garden at Southport, England, which had been erected at a cost of £90,000, was thrown open to the public. The tanks are well filled with all kinds of fish, and a mixture of air and water is pumped into them continuously by steam-power. The Winter Garden, besides possessing a fine show of plants, has a collection of tropical birds and other animals.

PARIS.—THE ISRAELITE TEMPLE ON THE STREET OF THE VICTORY.—This imposing edifice was inaugurated, September 9th, with great solemnity. The construction of the temple was assumed partly by the City of Paris, and partly by Parisian Israelites. The ceremony of inauguration, which attracted all the Parisian notables, was particularly imposing at the hour when the official *cortège*, accompanied by eighteen *vergers*, brought in the "Sepharim," the rolls of the law, and deposited them in the Sanctuary.

CONFIRMATION OF THE SON OF THE CROWN-PRINCE OF GERMANY.—Frederick William Victor Albert, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, received the rite of Confirmation in the Church of Peace, in the Park of Sans-Souci, on the 1st of September last. The candidate was accompanied to the altar by all the members of his family, from the Emperor to the youngest prince. The Crown Prince handed his son to the altar, where he was received by Dr. Heym, the Court preacher. As the young Prince stood alone on the alter steps, the choir and congregation sang *Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott*. Then Dr. Heym addressed and catechized the Prince, who, in reply to the preacher's summons, read out a confession of belief drawn up by himself. At the close of the ceremony, which was most impressive, the Emperor, greatly moved, repeatedly embraced the young Prince and the Crown Prince and Princess, who then, with their son, received the Sacrament.

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To SCOTLAND BY SEA—SCENE AT IRONGATE WHARF.—Of all the steam vessels which have their moorings within the precincts of the British metropolis, some of the finest are those which ply between London and Leith. Our picture contains a faithful representation of the scene that may be witnessed on board any passenger steamer about to proceed to sea from London. There is the usual bustle and animation, the luggage playing an important part in the performance, as until it is all lowered into the hold it takes up considerable space on deck, and is the cause of much jostling and confusion.

#### STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

SUMNER COUNTY, KAN., makes a ton of salt a week.

AN iron foundry is being erected at Lake Village, N. H.

ALL the mills in Woodford, Vt., have ceased running.

THE CITIZENS' BANK of New Orleans has resumed business.

The Kennebec (Me.) Wire Works are now in full operation.

CINCINNATI is to have a Board of Trade, modeled after that in New York.

INDIANA'S cigar tobacco took the first prize at the Cincinnati Exposition.

THE GRAND TRUNK LINE from Portland to Montreal has lowered its gauge.

WATERVILLE, Me., is to have a new factory with a capacity of 30,000 spindles.

THE AX manufacturing business at Douglass, Mass., was never better than at present.

A NEW factory for manufacturing penholders has been started at West Cummington, Mass.

ANOTHER valuable silver ledge has been discovered, and located, in the Calistoga District, Cal.

MILWAUKEE is having two pumps built that will throw 20,000,000 gallons of drinking water every day.

THE CROWN POINT silver mine in Nevada netted \$930,067 for the quarter ending June 30th, 1874.

THE AMES Manufacturing Company has decided to erect a new and larger foundry on the site of the present building, and has already begun the foundation.

CORROX throughout Mississippi is opening more rapidly than ever before at this season, and it is needless to say that in spite of the best efforts of the pickers, it keeps the fields white.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

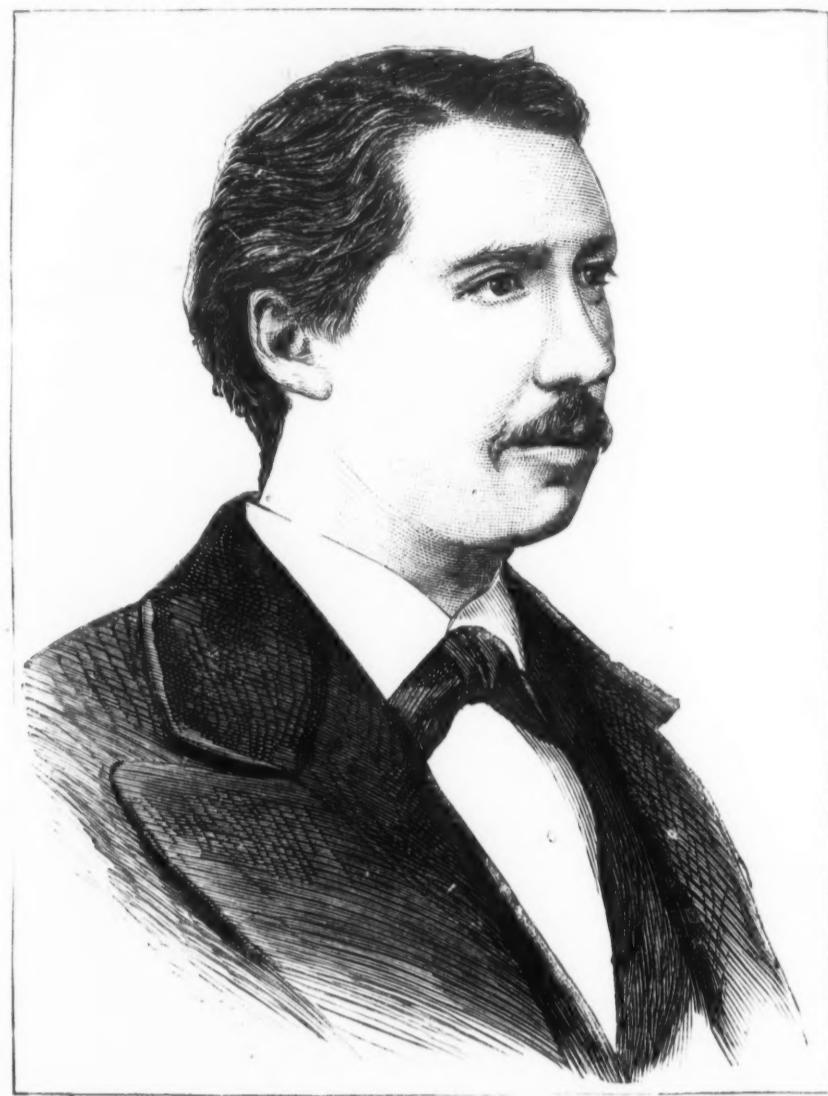
THE President declined the request of Governor Moses for troops. . . . A meeting was held in New York to protest against the manufacture of cigars in tenements. . . . The storm of the 28th ult. did great damage at Charleston, S. C., and Wilmington, N. C. . . . Comptroller Schroeder was renominated by the Committee of One Hundred, of Brooklyn. . . . The New York State Liberal Republican Convention endorsed no ticket, but urged the support of those who represent the Cincinnati principles. . . . A petition from the Modocs was received, asking to be removed to the Indian Territory. . . . The printing of Internal Revenue stamps will hereafter be done in New York, by which change 400 persons are thrown out of work in the Treasury Department. . . . Philadelphia has tendered the Lord Mayor of Dublin a reception and dinner. . . . Chicago will spend \$264,000 upon her fire department. . . . The Mayor of San Francisco seized the office and books of the assessors, on account of frauds. . . . The Congregational Council assembled at New Haven, Conn. . . . A sale of the Macon and Brunswick Railroad is ordered for December 1st. . . . Federal troops have been sent into Alabama. . . . A State Convention of tiguer-dealers was held in Albany, N. Y. . . . John Kelly replied to Mayor Havemeyer, and will sue him and Neilson Waterbury for libel. . . . The Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held at New York. . . . The Minnesota State Democratic Convention adopted the Syracuse platform. . . . Sammy Simmons deserted the Essex Statesman, and wishes to show up the rottenness of the Butler organization. . . . A State ticket was nominated by the New York Temperance Republicans, at Albany. . . . In Nevada a State ticket was nominated with representatives of all parties. . . . More Indian outrages in Kansas. . . . The Grand Hotel at Saratoga was destroyed by fire. . . . General Sherman's daughter, Minnie, was married to Lieutenant Fitch, United States Navy, at Washington, October 1st. . . . Henry Ward Beecher returned to his church and was warmly welcomed. . . . Yellow fever is raging fearfully at the Pensacola Navy Yard. The Commandant has died of it. . . . The Independent Republican State Convention of South Carolina was held at Charleston. . . . The corner-stone of the building for the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania was laid at Philadelphia. . . . The challenge of the Irish Team for a return contest in June next at Dublin was accepted.

##### FOREIGN.

THE German Reichstag will be convoked, October 10th. . . . A German Naval hospital is to be established at Yokohama. . . . England has joined the Postal Congress. . . . Russia and England are trying to solve the Schleswig Question for Denmark and Prussia. . . . Marshal Serrano again proposed to take the field against the Carlists. . . . The overflow of the River Segre, in Spain, caused much loss of life and property. . . . Don Carlos's wife will be ordered to leave France. . . . If the convention agreed upon by the Postal Congress at Berne is supported by the United States, all



MISS MINNIE E. SHERMAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURGESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



LIEUTENANT THOMAS W. FITCH, U. S. N.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURGESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE DISPLAY OF WEDDING PRESENTS AT THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

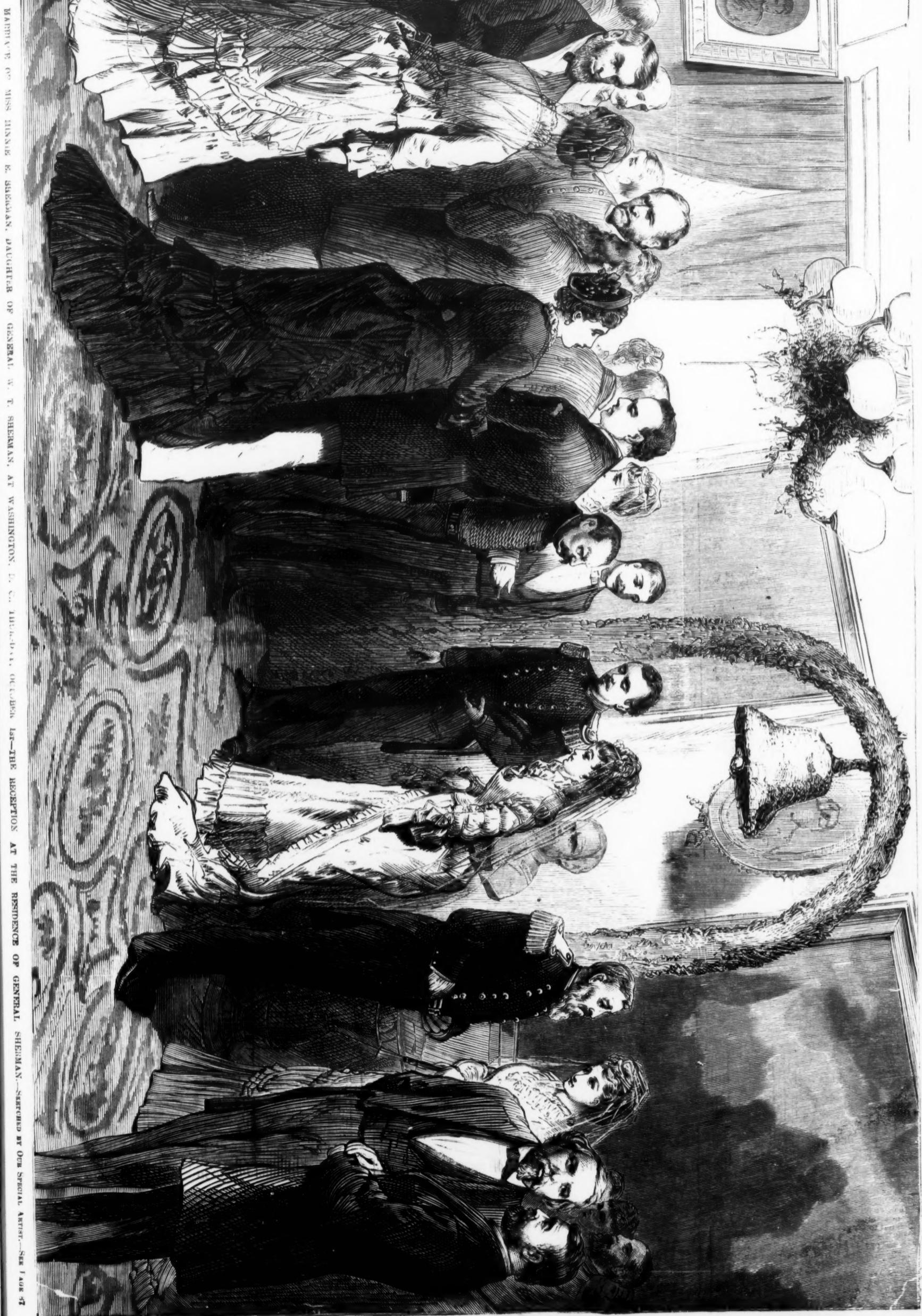
MARRIAGE OF MISS MINNIE E. SHERMAN, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, TO LIEUTENANT THOMAS W. FITCH, ENGINEER UNITED STATES NAVY, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 87.

MARRIAGE OF MISS MINNIE E. SHERMAN, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.—THE RECEPTION AT THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 87.

OCTOBER 17, 1874.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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MARY E. SHERMAN, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 1ST.—THE RECEPTION AT THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 47

## HALCYON HOURS.

**T**HREE was no flock in all the blue  
Of that pure sky we sat beneath,  
And, wave by wave, the waters drew,  
Or seemed to draw, a peaceful breath;  
A blessed calm was on the shore,  
A roseate glow upon the sea,  
The trouble of the world was o'er,  
And life's unrest had ceased to be.

The anguish of the tortured breast,  
The bitter pangs of doubt and fear,  
These were but phantoms of unrest,  
That made the sunshine triply drear;  
The gleaming lids of tear bright eyes  
There were no longer tears to fill;  
Sorrow was lost in glad surprise—  
It was not sadness made us still.

The life of that one hour to live,  
That one to hold, the rest to lose  
We were content, though clouds might give  
The future all its rainbow hues;  
A tender joy was all our own,  
Naught else had in it place or part—  
Love touched to its divinest tone  
The chords of rapture in the heart.

And when the hard awakening came,  
The dream had glorified the sleep;  
Our lives are brighter for the flame  
That incense fed, our memories keep;  
The angels of the hours we knew  
For ever radiant we behold,  
As those the monkish painters drew  
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

## THE STORY OF STERICKER.

**O**F course it doesn't really matter in the least, but I have a distinct recollection that the opera of the evening was the oft-repeated "Trovatore" of Verdi. I had been wondering yet once again at the peculiar circumstances attending that crime of infanticide of which the gypsy woman, *Azucena*, had been guilty. Having resolved upon burning the baby of her deadliest foe, it was certainly, to say the least of it, a stupid mistake to make, that roasting of her own child instead.

I had arrived at the trite decision that really she

had not deserved to be a mother, in regard to her

proved incapacity for taking care of her offspring.

The invisible tenor—I rather think that it was Tammerlik, for I am referring, or about to refer, to something that happened some years since—had delivered his famous song from his prison in the tower, and forthwith, being much applauded, had

appeared upon the stage, by special permission, as

it were, or upon some sudden relenting of his fierce

jailer, the *Count di Luna*, to bow gracefully, to

receive further congratulations, and then to return to captivity, in order that the story might proceed in the usual way. All this we had gone through very comfortably indeed. We had really enjoyed our

Verdi, even to his trombones; the soprano had

sung her best, her soaring notes seeming to ring

musically against the very ceiling of the house, like

gold coin upon a counter; the basso had produced

rich tones from strange depths, as a boisterous host

might bring for hulcious and potent wines from

subterranean regions; the tenor had shot among

us, now and then, a shrill C above the line, that had

lodged in our ears, rending them, as though it had

been a barbed arrow. Altogether the representation had been most unexceptionable and admirable, when suddenly there occurred an excitement in the theatre which could not be ascribed to Verdi or his interpreters. Something of a gasp was audible—

something of a cry; the sound of something falling,

of people rising from their seats, and questioning

and conversing in hurried sentences, without regard

to the transactions of the stage.

An opera glass had fallen from one of the upper private-boxes on to the head of a gentleman sitting in the stalls.

Now I had seen the glass fall; had seen a round, white, braced arm and a gloved hand stretched out to arrest, as it seemed to me, its descent. But, of course, it was all done in a moment: so rapidly, indeed, that there was scarcely time for the thing to impress itself upon my mind, and the instant after it had happened I began to doubt whether I had really seen what I had seen. It was so much more as though I had imagined the thing than actually witnessed it.

However, that the accident had occurred, there could be no question. The gentleman upon whose cranium the glass had descended had been carried into the lobby. He was said to be stunned, if not killed, by the blow. A belief prevailed that his skull had been fractured. In any case, an ugly wound had been inflicted upon his head, which, by-the-way, was bald, except for a crescent-shaped fringe at the back, and a few scanty locks arranged over the crown. The blood had flowed freely, dabbled and disfiguring his white cravat and embroidered shirt-front. It was really, altogether, a very shocking thing. There was no attending to the opera after it. The tragic matters happening upon the stage were quite quenched by this serious accident in the stalls. Who would now care about the *Count di Luna*'s beheading his long-lost brother, or *Azucena*'s bitter scream of "Sei vendicata, O madre!" The fate of our bold comrade was of much more concern to us. I hastened to make inquiries as to how he fared.

He was not dead. So much was presently clear. In fact, he was gradually recovering consciousness. Some one was loosening his collar and tie; some one else was dabbing his wound with a wet cloth. He had just risen from his seat, I learned, when the opera-glass struck him, and he had fallen back as though he had been shot. But I distrusted this account afterwards, when I ascertained that he had been seen to stoop forward and pick up the opera-glass, which, indeed, he still held tightly in his hand.

He was breathing heavily, rocking a little to and fro, and moaning at intervals. He was a middle-aged man,

pursy of figure, with luxuriant whiskers that might owe something of their rich brown hue to art, linked together, as it were, by a branch line of mustache running across his upper lip, and with a shaven chin such as, in deference to the peculiar and unpicturesque fancy of the Commander-in-Chief, has been for some time the vogue with the British army. Still I was of opinion, though I hardly know on what grounds exactly, that the unfortunate man was not a member of the military service of my country. Then he started, lifted his head, and turned his eye towards me. Immediately, but to my great surprise, I recognized him.

It was Stericker. I have said, advisedly, that he turned an eye towards me. His other eye was fast closed—seemed, indeed, to have sunk back into his head.

Then he moved a tremulous hand in my direction. He knew me, it seemed. He tried to speak; but it was some time before he could utter any intelligible sound. At last we discovered his meaning. He had lost something which he desired us, meaning myself and bystanders, to search for.

Search was instituted accordingly. After a while

very near to the stall he had occupied, there was picked up—a glass eye! It was a new fact to me, though of course it was not a convenient opportunity for pondering upon it, that Stericker wore or possessed a glass eye. I had never perceived any deficiency in his organ of sight, nor even suspected it. The glass eye had always seemed to me a genuine article—by which I mean one that he could really see with.

He was gratified at the recovery of his glass eye. He was well enough now to dust it with his handkerchief, and—but this he did not accomplish without considerable difficulty—to replace it in the socket it usually filled. Certainly the aspect of that portion of his visage was benefit by the more tenanted and furnished character it now again assumed.

He then took from his pocket a miniature mirror, not much larger than a crown-piece, and gazed at the reflection it furnished of his artificial eye. He desired to see that it was properly adjusted, and what artists call "in drawing," with regard to his other features.

There was something curious, I thought, about the severity with which his real eye scrutinized his sham one; while yet, as it seemed, the sham eye was of more importance to him, more cherished by him, than the real one.

But something else was missing. A shirt-stud. For this also diligent search was made, and again with success. It was found on the floor of the lobby—curious-looking stud: a pearl, I thought, in the first instance; but it was not pearl exactly; no, nor white carnelian, which was my second supposition. It was of an oblong shape, milky white, and semi-transparent, in a handsome setting of brilliants.

Stericker expressed great satisfaction, if in a rather incoherent way, that the stud had been found. He clearly prized it—if not for its intrinsic worth, which, without doubt, was considerable, however—then, as I judged, for some associations, possibly of a tender kind, connected with it.

He was now so far recovered that he was left solely to my care. The opera was over. I forgot whether there was or not a ballet in those days, but I think not; in any case, the theatre was emptying fast. He sat for a few minutes longer, and then rose almost briskly, and said:

"I'm glad you were here, old fellow. I don't know what I should have done without you. A strip or two of plaster over the wound, and I shall be able to get on again pretty well, I dare say. Any chemist can manage that for me. And perhaps a glass of hot brandy and water would pull me together as much as anything."

I was glad to find him equal to the proposed proceeding. I had not ventured to hope for so rapid a recovery.

"Not but what it was a nasty shock to a fellow," he said.

I quite agreed that it must have been a very nasty shock—a most unfortunate accident. At this he laughed rather wildly.

"Whatever you call it, don't call it that," he said.

"You mean that it was not an accident?"

It appeared that he still meant that.

"But I saw the glass fall," I said.

"You mean that you saw her throw it down?"

"Saw? Who?" I demanded, unconsciously adopting the interrogatives of Hamlet.

"Arabella!"

I thought him wandering in his mind: I knew nothing of Arabella. I could not remember that I had ever encountered, out of works of fiction, any woman of that name. And then I came to ask myself what, after all, did I really know of Stericker himself? In truth, it was very little.

"It was Arabella's doing, of course," he continued. "I know that very well. I know the opera-glass, for the matter of that. I ought to. I gave it to her."

Where I had first met Stericker I am by no means clear. I am almost certain that I was never formally introduced to him. But I had seen him at various places upon numberless occasions, until I seemed to have acquired quite a habit of seeing him. So at last—the thing was becoming really absurd—there was no help for it but to recognize him as an acquaintance, at any rate. Finding each other so frequently face to face in the same place, beneath the same roof, and even at the same table, what could we do, eventually, but laugh, and nod, and say, "What—you here!" And then we shook hands.

Still I protest that I knew little of him beyond what he told me. But, then, what does one really know of any man beyond what he tells one of himself? And certainly that is not always to be relied on. I did not, I may add, like Stericker; still less did I respect him; although I had perhaps no special reason for not respecting him, beyond mere prejudice of a fanciful, and possibly of an unwarrantable kind. He was by no means, however, the man I should have selected for a friend, or even for an acquaintance, had choice been permitted me in the matter. But it wasn't. I was doomed to meet Stericker incessantly, and so it chanced that we came to be almost on terms of intimacy with each other. At least he came to be on terms of intimacy with me. And he called me "old fellow," I did not approve of this; indeed I thought it a liberty; but what could I do? I was not really old, at any rate not so very old. But no doubt I had arrived at that period of life when the question of age in its relation to one's self is rather to be avoided than discussed, lest there should arise personal application which could hardly be otherwise than inconvenient.

And now had occurred this accident at the opera-house, confirming as it were my acquaintance with Stericker, and converting it almost into a friendship. He expressed great gratitude for the assistance I had rendered him, although, in truth, it had been little enough. But again and again he thanked me, and presently, his wounded head having been skillfully dealt with and relieved by the application of strips of plaster, I found myself at his lodgings in Halt-moon Street, sitting in an easy-chair, smoking a cigar, and drinking a temperate mixture of brandy and water. Until then I had never really known where Stericker lived.

"And you saw her throw down the opera-glass?" he said, returning to the subject of the accident. I corrected him. I had seen no such thing. But he did not pay much attention to what I said.

"And how did she look? Handsome, of course.

She was always that; though she certainly is not now nearly so young as when I first met her—and I loved her. For what could I do then but love her?

Have you ever been in love, old fellow?" he demanded, abruptly.

I said I thought I had. For I felt at the moment that it was not a thing a man could be quite certain about, and I rather objected to the question, and on that moment preferred to give a somewhat evasive answer. I did not wish painful memories to be awakened; they had been asleep and very still for a good many years.

"If you doubt about it, why, then, you never have," said Stericker, oracularly. "There can be no mistake about an attack of love any more than about a fit of the gout. I have suffered from both

afflictions. In my time I have loved a good deal, and I have, in return, been loved very much indeed. I say it without vanity."

But he said it with vanity, and it was to that I objected. He outstretched his right arm, bringing an expanse of wristband into view, and raised his hand to his head as though about to pass his fingers through his hair and crest it up, after the invariable manner of the self-satisfied and vain-glorious. For the moment he had forgotten how bald he was! He had forgotten, too, the strips of plaster that cross-barred his crown! In discovering anew these infirmities he had evidently experienced considerable mortification.

I had heard Stericker described as handsome, but that had never been my opinion of him. No, he was never, he never could have been handsome. He was always well-dressed, although inclined to make an excessive, and, therefore, a rather vulgar, display of the jewellry he possessed. His teeth, it is true, were superb; but I was never quite convinced that they were the natural products of his own gums; and his nose was that of large, fleshy, Roman form which has always obtained, to my thinking, an extravagant measure of admiration from the world in general. (My own nose, I may mention, is altogether of smaller dimensions, and of a totally different pattern.) Then he was very upright, carrying before him his protruding waistcoat with considerable dignity. Moreover, there was something imposing about his aspect and manner, in the first instance; but it was not pearl exactly; no, nor white carnelian, which was my second supposition. It was of an oblong shape, milky white, and semi-transparent, in a handsome setting of brilliants.

He then took from his pocket a miniature mirror, not much larger than a crown-piece, and gazed at the reflection it furnished of his artificial eye. He desired to see that it was properly adjusted, and what artists call "in drawing," with regard to his other features.

There was something curious, I thought, about the severity with which his real eye scrutinized his sham one; while yet, as it seemed, the sham eye was of more importance to him, more cherished by him, than the real one.

But something else was missing. A shirt-stud. For this also diligent search was made, and again with success. It was found on the floor of the lobby—curious-looking stud: a pearl, I thought, in the first instance; but it was not pearl exactly; no, nor white carnelian, which was my second supposition.

It was a singularly wicked smile, that wrinkled his nose curiously, produced strange dints and a dark flush upon his forehead, and brought down the inner corners of his eyebrows close to his eyes, after a decidedly ominous fashion.

"I have loved and been loved," he repeated, "and I don't mind owning, I have in my time had and been jilted." He said this with a morbid Don Giovanni air that I thought particularly objectionable. "Arabella jilted me," he resumed, "and has never forgiven herself for it, nor me either. How fair she was in those days! She's fair still, for that matter, though she uses more pearl powder now than she did. Fair but false. Women are often that, you know. Shall I say always?"

I deprecated such an assertion. According to my experience, it was far too sweeping. He conceded that I was right, possibly. Yet it seemed to me that he despised me for my moderation.

"You remarked this stud?" He produced the stud we had searched for at his request, and found in the lobby of the opera house. "It would have pained me very much if I had lost it. I regard it as a precious relic. It belonged to Arabella once. In fact—why should I disguise the truth from you?—that stud is formed out of one of Arabella's front teeth!"

His smile as he said this was not pleasant to contemplate. His confession had certainly startled me. He was something dreadful about it, and he had the air of an Indian brave exhibiting a scalp. He glared in the possession of Arabella's front tooth! How had he obtained it? I ventured to demand. Was it a pledge of affection? Could they possibly have exchanged teeth as ordinary lovers exchange locks of hair? I hardly knew what I was saying, or of what I was thinking.

"I was a dentist in those days," he said. What he had been before that, and since; what profession he followed at the moment of addressing me, I really had no idea. "And Arabella was one of my patients. But she was no ordinary patient. She was something more, much more than that. She was for a while my affianced bride. I loved her and she loved me—at least we thought that we loved each other."

"And you didn't?"

"Well, we didn't, as it happened, love each other quite as much as we thought we did. In fact, both were disappointed, and perhaps a trifling deceived. She thought I had money; I hadn't. I had been told that she was an heiress. Well, she was nothing of the kind. Still, I am a man of integrity, though you may not think it. I had promised marriage; I fully purposed to be as good as my word. The idea of terminating our engagement did not come from me. But Arabella's temper was impulsive; she was far from patient; she was ambitious, and, I must add, avaricious and deceitful. She trifled with me. She still held me enthralled, but she encouraged the addresses of another and a wealthier suitor. She designed to employ me merely as a means of irritating his jealousy, and of stimulating him to declare himself. Then I was to be flung aside as something worthless, because it had served her purpose, and was done with. In good time I discovered her treachery. I had intercepted her letters—no matter how—and I knew all. But of that she entertained no sort of suspicion. She had always fond smiles for me, and false words and artificial caresses. It was maddening. Well; she was, as I have said, my patient; and she suffered much from toothache. She came to me in order that I might extract a tooth that pained her. It was arranged that the operation should be performed under the influence of chloroform." He paused.

"But surely, you didn't—" I interjected.

"Hear me out," he said, and he smiled, I thought, horribly. "It was accident, of course, pure accident. I was dreadfully nervous. Was that surprising? I loved her, and she was amazingly beautiful. It was an accident, as I have said, or call it, if you will, an error of judgment, but nothing worse than that, as you value my friendship." (As a matter of fact I did not value his friendship in the slightest degree, but I did not say so.) "My conduct, I do assure you, was strictly professional. I did not even kiss her; but I extracted the wrong tooth."

"That was your vengeance?" I interjected.

"No. She said so; but it wasn't true. I extracted, as I believed, the tooth she had pointed out, desiring me to extract it. Was it my fault that it was a perfectly sound tooth, and a front one too? She said it was; but women, you know, are not reasonable in such cases. I was a dentist then, with a reputation to lose; I was a lover then, though a deceived one. However, there was no pacifying Arabella. She was persuaded that I had done it on purpose. She was most violent. She had predetermined upon a quarrel with me, although she had not perhaps fixed upon the precise period for its occurrence. Well, she brought it on then. It was an awful scene. How she abused me! What language she permitted herself! How she screamed! What hysterics she went into! However, the tooth was out, there was no mistake about that."

Here he smiled again, most malevolently, as it seemed to me.

"Her treachery towards me was punished, although, as I have stated, by pure accident or error of judgment, which you please. But Arabella vowed vengeance against me. In that respect I am bound to say she has been as good as her word. It's no thanks to her that I am living to speak of these things to-night."

"Then you really believe that she let fall the opera-glass on purpose?"

Harry as an acrobat's son had been well trained, and I, out of mere daring and the love of the thing, could do all that he could do—some of the feats, father said, even better. But perhaps he only said this to spur Harry on, for he was not much given to praising us. He was a hard, stern man, with an eye like an eagle's, black and scorching under his bushy brows, that used to look us into obedience without his saying ever a word. Still he was kind to us in his way, and would have been more so, I think, but the acrobat's is a trying life, and the drink he took made him irritable.

I marched up and down before the letters, as I have said, and fell to wondering what they meant; and as I did so, all at once a rough hand was twisted into my curls—they hung right to my waist—and a rough voice demanded fiercely what I did there at that hour.

It was father—the worse for liquor, I could see, for his eyes were like hot coals, and at first he was disposed to be angry; but as he looked up from my terrified face to the big letters, his stern face relaxed and he loosened his grip of my hair.

"How did you know of this, Minnie?" he demanded.

"Of what, father?" I stammered.

"The poster here; you came to look at the fine poster, didn't you? How did you find it out?"

He saw by my look that I did not understand him, and when I muttered something about only coming out for a breath of air dragged me out into the middle of the road, and with irrepressible pride pointed again to the grand letters.

"Look at them!" he cried. "Beautiful, ain't they? I've done the trick at last, my girl. The French gentleman that came to see Harry tumble, last week will make our fortunes. Your brother is Azalea!"

I was so much surprised that I could not answer. It fairly took my breath away. He gave one more look full of pride at the word, and we went back to the house. On the way he told me, with a garrulity unusual with him, of what had happened—how that it consisted of a sort of "vampire-trap," from which the performer was to be shot up into the air twenty or thirty feet, and to alight on a stage there—and how that Harry had just met the French gentleman's requirements, both from his skill and his girlish appearance, because the excitement to be created about Azalea would be increased from there being a mystery whether it was a boy or a girl.

We entered the house as he finished, and I tripped up-stairs and lit a candle, which I gave to father as he entered our room. Harry was still sleeping on the rug, breathing hard. The light showed us his face—it was bright red. He had been stricken with fever; and before the week was out, we two, huddled together in the corner of a couch, followed the poor boy to his grave.

#### CHAPTER II.

A ZALEA took the town. "How!" you will exclaim; "was he not really dead then?" Alas! yes, and truly, deeply mourned over. My father was in a passion of grief at his loss, and in despair at the consequences. The French gentleman came to the house half frenzied. "But, man," cried he, "I have spent a fortune in advertising this—this son of yours!"

"True, and it is most unfortunate—" my father began.

"Bah!" cried the other, and bounded out of the room. In doing so he nearly tumbled over me as I crouched weeping in the passage, so that I cried out. He stepped aside—started—rapped out a French oath—and darting into the room he had just quitted, slammed to the door. There was a long conversation in subdued voices, and when at length he quitted the house, his face was radiant and his courtesy profuse. On the mat he presented me with the rose from his button-hole, and kissed the tips of the tight gloves he seemed to have been born in, all the way as he backed down the steps out into the middle of the road.

That night I gave my father a promise that I would face the public in place of our poor lost Harry, and try my hardest to realize the golden dreams his death had shattered. And later, when he thought me sleeping, I stole out to have another look at the great letters on the wall. They had a fresh meaning for me now, and oh, how he go and terrible they looked! Surely they were bigger than ever as I cowered down before them. And they bent forward further and further, as if to crush me—poor little mite that I was—till I was fain to cry out and tear myself away from them in mortal terror.

I kept my word though, and practised hard; thinking much of what I had to do and little of what might come of it; sustained moreover by encouragement both from my father and the Frenchman—who every day gave me a flower from his button-hole, and kissed his glove-tips whenever he caught my eye, as if in that act he administered some reviving cordial—and so at length the first night's performance came with triumphant results, and Azalea was the idol of the town.

There was something vastly pleasant in the position. The performance I had undertaken involved danger every night. But I had no fear, and the ringing plaudits, and the sweet sense of popularity, drove all the thoughts of danger out of my head. Sometimes I fancied that there was an anxious, a pained look in my father's face, as he waited on me and watched my every movement, inspiring me with confidence by his eagle-glance; but whatever his apprehensions, I did not share them, and in time grew easy to indifference. At last—but quite at last—I even overcame my awe of the great letters on the wall, beside which I was so insignificant, and grew to amusing myself with the fancy that they simply bent forward out of courtesy towards me, joining in the general homage.

So I was proud and happy in my strange life, and I might have continued to be so, but for one circumstance. I had noticed, but without attaching any meaning to it, that on most nights a particular box was occupied by a curious-looking person, who watched me with a concentrated attention. He was an elderly man, with dyed black hair hanging long about a colorless face. A singular ravenous look was in his eyes, and he had a habit of twitching up his face, so as to show a long row of white teeth, evidently false. As he sat he would rest his thin bony hands, clutched together hard, on the front of the box, a tremulous diamond showing that he endured strong nervous excitement.

These peculiarities I should never have noticed, but that all at once a rumor reached me, investing this man with a terrible interest. I came to know—I cannot tell how—that he had a fixed conviction that my career would terminate fatally, and a morbid desire to be present on the occasion. Thus he never missed a night. He was always in the house, and always, if possible, in the place in which I had noticed him.

Slowly but surely the presence of this man, combined with the knowledge of why he came, began to have a strange effect upon me. I began to be haunted with the thought of him. I lay him up with my dreams and broke my rest, and my waking hours to such an extent that I was

vous, distracted and irritable, and pride and pleasure alike went. I began to shrink with apprehension from my nightly task. I found myself speculating on the possibilities of failure, of mutilation, of sudden death. Doubt of my own powers tended towards real incapacity. The terror of the letters on the walls revived, and at sight of the now familiar name my heart would throb violently, and my limbs tremble.

"If he would only absent himself for once—for once only!" I found myself repeating all day; and "You will fail! you will fail!" rang in my mind like a demon chorus.

There could be but one end to this. At last it came. One night, as I was nervously self for the great leap (a dead silence and hush of expectation in the house), and just as I had given the signal, this man rose from his seat. His doing so attracted my gaze, my concentration was lost, my will was paralyzed. The spring sent me flying into the air—there was a cry, a crash, a surging as of tumultuous in-rushing of waves, and then a blank!

After that night Azalea appeared no more.

#### CHAPTER III.

**I**N the very clutch of death I was yet spared; my father had saved my life; but I had received injuries which resulted in a long and weary illness. Happily my exertions had placed me in comparative affluence, though the success had chiefly enriched the old Frenchman, who never failed during my long illness to call daily, leaving me a flower and his card, until I had who's packs of the latter on my little table at my bedside.

When I began to recover we traveled, and once I was horrified at seeing on the platform of a railway station, as we dashed past, the white face of the man who had waited to gloat over my death. Eventually we settled down in a little midland village, where we were unknown, and our antecedents unsuspected.

And so the story of my life might have ended, but that it chanced to me to meet and favorably impress the son of a gentleman of that neighborhood. He made me offer of his hand. With the memory of the past vividly before me, I promptly refused. It was not right, I knew, that one who had filled the compromising position I had done should become the wife of a man of family and position. But he would not be repulsed. Again and again he urged his suit, till refusal became rudeness, and there was but one thing left for me to do. It was necessary to take him into my confidence, and I did so.

Need I say that his amazement knew no bounds? He could not for the moment find words in which to give expression to it. When he did, it was only to express his half-incredulity. He had himself witnessed Azalea's exploits. And it was indeed a woman? And I that woman?

"You see," I urged, "there is a barrier between us which nothing can overstep. Would to heaven you could have believed this, and spared me this humiliation."

He took my hand.

"Minnie," he said, "be my wife."

"No, no, no," I protested; "consider your position, your family, the friends it would estrange, the contempt it would bring upon you. I dare not!"

But my protestations were in vain. He prevailed, because he loved me, and because I returned that love, oh, so truly, so utterly! I became his happy wife—happy, yes; and yet one little cloud would hover in the blue expanse of my married life.

Never for one instant did Frank reproach me with the past; never, that I could discern, did he shrink from allusions to it, as to a subject which we could discuss freely and openly, without shame or regret. And yet I worried myself with the fear whether in his heart of hearts he might not sometimes regret the step that he had taken, and whether he might not even unconsciously come to regard me with less respect, with less consideration than those about him upon whose past there was no shadow, and who had within their hearts no secret. In all this I deeply wronged him. His heart had no such feeling; the loyal y of his affection was untainted by any such reproach.

I came to know this in time for true and certain. The cloud was lifted, and went in a day, in an hour—ay, in a single minute. That minute I shall never forget. Our first baby-child, our little bright-eyed darling, lay upon my knees, laughing, crowding, and striving to thrust its dimpled hands into its mouth.

Frank bent over—the evening sunshine on his curls.

"Baby must be christened soon, dear," I said; "she must have a name, and we have never talked this over."

"There was no need," he answered.

I looked up.

"What! you have chosen, then?" I asked.

"Yes, love."

"Oh, tell me! tell me! what are we to call her?" He bent, kissing my brow, and with a smile that showed how well he knew that he kissed away my hidden trouble, answered: "Azalea."

#### WINE COUNTRIES.

**W**INE, in France, Germany, Italy, etc., is used more as an article of food than as a beverage by the common people. An Italian peasant, going from the hills to the campagna to work as an agricultural laborer, has no food, as a general thing, from seed-time to harvest except black bread and sour wine. When the heavy work of harvest comes they give him meat, but hard bread and sour wine is the food of the peasantry in all the wine-growing countries of Europe. When a peasant has eaten his crust and drank a bottle (one-fifth of a gallon) of this sour wine his stomach merely feels appeased, and no way advanced towards intoxication. It has merely reached the point of possible sustenance. The quota of alcohol in the wine is not alcohol in the abstract (spirits of wine), but alcohol in the concrete (juice of the grape), i.e., food. Story, in his *Roba di Roma*, speaks of the same thing. He says that if a peasant has ten sous over, he will invest it in a bottle of sour wine and divide it equally among his family, because the wine does more to satisfy the craving of hunger (in fact, it is more filling), than food at the same price would be. This indicates one reason why in those portions of Europe where wine-drinking so largely prevails there is so little drunkenness resulting from it. It is a noticeable fact that where native wines are the cheapest, namely, at the points where they are produced, there should be the least drunkenness.

At Bordeaux, the home mart of claret, you give the figures as three in one thousand; at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, at six in one thousand. But the French do not get drunk on wine. When they drink socially at the estaminets and cabarets they drink absinthe or *eau de vie*. You know what a terrible drink absinthe is—think, perhaps, that French *eau de vie* is not quite so bad as it is.

Slowly but surely the presence of this man, combined with the knowledge of why he came, began to have a strange effect upon me. I began to be haunted with the thought of him. I lay him up with my dreams and broke my rest, and my waking hours to such an extent that I was

ble whisky, distilled from potatoes and colored with some pigment. If you call for *eau de vie de Bordeaux* or *eau de vie de Champagne*, you will get what pretends, at least, to be brandy distilled from the grape. You may take it as a fact, established by long and continuous observation on my part in various parts of France, that when a French ouvrier can afford it, and drinks, and invites his friends to drink, for luxury, he calls for absinthe or *eau de vie*.

Why should Rouen be so high in the percentage of drunkenness? Rouen is the capital of Normandy, whence came our Anglo-Norman-British ancestors, famed for drinking the strongest liquors they could find, and drinking them pure. In England, to this day, if you call for a glass of brandy, the maid who dispenses it asks: "You will have it neat?" We say, "Brandy straight." Enough for a hint; not enough for a discourse.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**M**R. H. G. WRIGHT, of San Bernardino, Cal., August 2d, 1874, describes a small lake or pond in New Hampshire which has two outlets, and with which he has been perfectly familiar from boyhood. "Neither of the outlets," the writer states, "ever dries up, and each of them discharges more water than enters through the only visible feeder. The pond covers, say, fifteen acres; it is shallow, with muddy bottom, with boulders in places, the surrounding land being largely made up of granite ledges and boulders. The outlets are at opposite ends of the pond—one descending rapidly 150 feet soon after leaving the pond, the other passing through a boggy swamp and then a meadow, after which it also descends rapidly. The only feeder is very small, and dries up in summer.

**WEIGHTS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.**—Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than seven pounds. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that age the boys acquire a decided preponderance. Young men of twenty average one hundred and thirty-five pounds, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and ten pounds, each. Men reach their heaviest weight at about forty years of age, when their average weight will be about one hundred and forty pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty years of age, when their average weight will be one hundred and thirty. Taking the men and women together, their weight at full growth will then average from one hundred and eight to one hundred and fifty; and women, from eighty to one hundred and thirty. The average weight of humanity all over the world, taking the ages and conditions, working men and women, and gentlemen and ladies without occupation, black and white, boys and girls and babies, is very nearly one hundred pounds, avoirdupois weight.

**THE PLANTS OF EUROPE** have in many cases driven off the vegetable tribes of America and Australia, and occupied their sites; and while the footsteps of the white man are sounding the death-knell of the aboriginal plants, his plants are destroying those of the poor savage. There is no kingdom on earth so revolutionary as the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be said to live amidst strife and constant struggle, and to slay each other mercilessly, though without bloodshed or cruelty. The larger trees of the tropical forests are entwined and throttled by trailers, and hewed by lances till they die; smaller plants seem to wait for the places filled by their stronger neighbors. There is less rivalry in European forests, only because a few sovereign species of timber trees, like the Scotch and spruce firs of Scandinavia, hold possession of the soil and do not allow the approach of rivals. The plants that feed the populations of the world have prevailed in the fields of nature and of cultivation by virtue of conquest, effected with or without the aid of man; and it is remarkable that the most useful plants are the most robust and elastic, such as the hardy grasses and those great wanderers the *Gramineae*, wheat, rice, maize, and millet, which have followed man in all his migrations. What a determination of physical character wheat, maize, the banana tree, cassava, and others must possess, since they have pushed their way among their competitors, till they each dominate over wide surfaces of the globe, and their true or native country cannot now be determined.

**STATISTICS OF WATCH MANUFACTURE.**—According to the census of 1870, the following numbers of persons were employed in the manufacture of watches in the four Cantons where it forms the chief industry; in Neuchâtel 11,081 men, and 5,383 women; in Berne, 9,392 men, 4,743 women; in Vaud, 2,439 men, 1,313 women; and in Geneva, 2,330 men, and 1,288 women; forming a total of 37,968. The Canton of Berne manufactures about 500,000 watches per annum; but they are almost exclusively of ordinary quality; at the average price of 40 francs each, they yield to the Canton about 20 millions of francs annually. In Geneva the number is estimated at 150,000 per annum; but as many of them are of gold, and watches of precision, and are, moreover, highly ornamented, their value will probably reach 20 millions of francs. The Canton of Vaud also turns out about 150,000 watches annually, but the greater portion are exported in the form of the interior mechanism only; at an average value of 35 francs, the sale price will amount to 5,250,000 francs. The Canton of Neuchâtel manufactures about 35 per cent. of the whole value of watches fabricated in the Confederacy. The following is a comparative table of the extent of manufacture of watches and chronometers in the four principal watch-making nations: Switzerland turns out 1,600,000 per annum, of the estimated value of 8 millions of francs; France, 300,000, valued at 16½ millions; England, 200,000, value 16 millions; and the United States, 100,000, valued at seven and a half millions of francs.

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**WHERE BOYS' MARBLES COME FROM.**—Not far from Salzburg, Austria, is a great mountain, which consists of nothing but beautiful marble. The stone masons cut out blocks and columns of it, take them to the great city, and build palaces and fine houses of them. But what becomes of the little pieces which are broken off, and which are so small that the great people cannot use them? These are for the children! Out of them are made the little marble balls—playing marbles. How this is done, let me tell you: From this same mountain several brooks flow down into the valley below. Their waters rush down from one shelf of rock to another, and form countless little waterfalls. By the side of these little falls numerous small mills have been placed. In each of these the water drives a little flying wheel. Underneath the barrel of the wheel is a round grinding stone. This millstone turns in a stone trough, into which fresh water is constantly splashing. The larger bits of marble are broken with a hammer into rough, angular pieces about as large as walnuts. No child would care to play with these stones; they are sharp-cornered, jagged, and gray and dusty besides. They are thrown into the stone mill-trough with water, and the millstone begins to turn. Now the angular stones have a long, merry dance; they hop and skip and stumble over one another, and whirl round and round in a circle; they crash and beat and grate upon each other all day and night long. At last they become so small that the millstones in the trough takes no more hold of them, and the little mill stands still. Then the little stones are ready. The millstone is lifted—there they lie, a hundred or more, all together, and one just as pretty as another. They are perfectly round; all corners and roughness are gone. The marbles now only need polishing. Then the child gets them and plays all kinds of games with them.

**JUDGE BRAZIL HARRISON**, the original of one of the characters in Cooper's novel, *The Bee Hunter*, died in Kalamazoo, Mich., recently, aged 104 years. His descendants number 203. He was a native of Frederick County, Maryland.

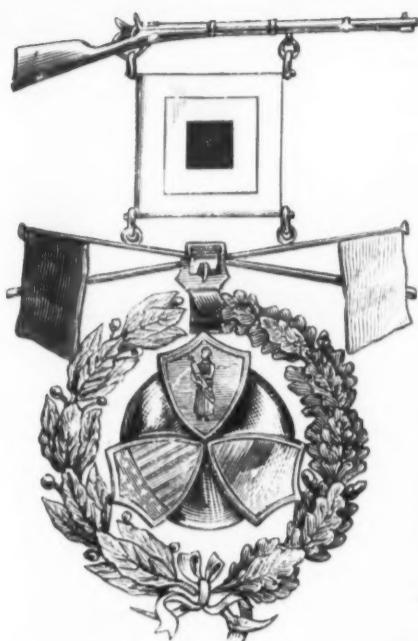
**THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT** is endeavoring to induce the Bey of Tunis to rectify the boundary line between Algeria and Tunis, and is erecting forts on the coveted territory. England and Germany, it is also said, will protest.

**THE ENGLISH LADIES** who were hunted for throughout France, on a charge of complicity in the escape of Bazine, were two boarding school misses from Cannes, who went out in a boat and got up a flirtation with Colonel Villette, the Marshal's aide-de-camp.

**LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON**, Privy Councillor, and member of the British House of Commons for Tyrone, Ireland, is on a tour round the world. He is at present at Cobourg, Canada, whence he expects to move westward, taking sail from San Francisco for China and Japan.

**SIGNOR FILIPPO LARCHETTI**, the composer of "Buy Blas," which is to be one of the novelties of the coming opera season in New York, has just been arrested at Rimini on a charge of being implicated in political disturbances, but he was speedily released. It was a case of mistaken identity.

**MADAME LETITIA RATAZZI**, the widow of the famous Italian statesman



THE WOODWARD CREEDMOOR PRIZE FOR THE SECOND ANNUAL MATCH OF THE AMERICAN AMATEUR SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.—MANUFACTURED BY THE GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

CREEDMOOR PRIZE BADGES.

THE second annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association was inaugurated at Creedmoor, L. I., on Tuesday, September 29th. There were 170 prizes, of a cash value of \$8,292. Much credit is due to Colonel Frederick M. Peck, the Chairman of the Prize Committee, for the taste shown in the selection of these souvenirs of the contest. Of the several prize badges, we select a few of the most attractive.

The Woodward Badge is presented by the Major-General cl't' Second Division, N. G. S. N. Y. It consists of a Remington rifle, from which depends a target, bel'v which are two flags, red and white, crossed. A wreath of laurel-leaves is clasped by a buckle to the staves, and encircles a disk support-



CREEDMOOR SHOOTING PRIZE—\$30 SILVER MEDAL.

ing the coat-of-arms of the Second Division, composed of three shields, with the arms of the United States, the State of New York, and the City of Brooklyn. The value of this beautiful decoration is \$100.

The Rooney Badge is offered for the All-Comers' match, and cost \$60. The clasp is a Remington rifle, the arm of the National Guard of New York, from which, by two golden chains, is suspended the badge proper, a disk with a target in the centre, partially surrounded by leaves of the shamrock and laurel, and the name of the range, with the date, above.

The Directors' Badge has a clasp with "Creedmoor" on the face, and a shield exhibits a target crossed by a rifle. The stock of the latter is bronze; the barrel, silver.

The two remaining badges are offered as prizes for various matches. There are sixteen of the \$30 badges, and thirty-one of those costing \$20. The former has a clasp for name of winner, and a medal with a cartridge, rifle and bow crossed by a scroll and surrounded by laurel. The latter has a shield backed by crossed rifles dependent from clasp, ar' supporting a scroll with the year. These badges were made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and are gems of workmanship. The enamel-



M. FRANCOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT, FRENCH STATESMAN AND PUBLICIST, DECEASED.

The contests terminated on Saturday afternoon, October 3d, and all the prizes were given the winners, in the evening, at the Seventh Avenue Fes-

salon.

FRANCOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT, who died at Val Richer on the 12th ult., was born at Nismes, where his father was an eminent advocate, on October 4th, 1787. In 1805 he repaired



THE ROONEY CREEDMOOR PRIZE FOR THE SECOND ANNUAL MATCH OF THE AMERICAN AMATEUR SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.—MANUFACTURED BY THE GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

to Paris, and being in straitened circumstances he became private tutor in a Swiss family. In 1812 he married a literary lady of Royalist tendencies, Guizot's writings speedily won him a reputation and he obtained from the Imperial Government a Professorship of Modern History at La Sorbonne. Upon the Bourbon Restoration—an event for which he had earnestly longed—he was appointed to a subordinate official post. During the Hundred



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, AT ST. LOUIS, MO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHULTER.

Days he retired with his royal master and other adherents to Ghent, but after Waterloo he resumed his position as Secretary-General at the Ministry of Public Instruction, and from 1820 to 1830 he devoted himself to literature. After the July Revolution he was elected as a Deputy for Lisieux in the Department of Calvados, and soon after ac-



THE SPHINX AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—MARTIN MILLMORE, SCULPTOR.



CREEDMOOR SHOOTING PRIZE—DIRECTOR'S BADGE.

cepted the post of Minister of Public Instruction. In 1839 M. Guizot was appointed Ambassador to London, and some eighteen months later he attained



THE SIX-GARED SHELL-BOAT USED BY THE WINNING CREW OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE, AT THE LATE REGATTA ON SARATOGA LAKE, AND NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, NEW YORK CITY. SEE PAGE 93.

the height of his ambition, being called upon to form a Cabinet. After the Revolution of 1848 M. Guizot sought refuge in England, but returned after the coup d'État of 1851, and appealed for election to his old constituency. They, however, rejected him so decisively that he retired to the comparative leisure of private life at his country-seat of Val Richer, near Lisieux. He only emerged from his seclusion in the discharge of his functions either as a member of the Academy or as a leader in the conferences of the Protestant Church.

The *Athénéeum* concludes its notice of his death with the words: "M. Guizot leaves behind him an imposing name in literature. Highly unsympathetic and dry, but accurate and clear, he was an ornament to that generation of men to which Thiers and Michelet belong. Goethe was one of his unconditional admirers." And the *Saturday Review* says of him: "In his later years he clung more and more firmly to the principle of authority. When he was in office he had, in conformity with the traditional and petty policy of France, disengaged Italian independence; and at the last, although he was a rigid Protestant, he was an advocate both of the temporal and the spiritual authority of the Pope. There was a kind of dignity in his imperturbable adherence to his convictions through right and wrong; and in the greater part of his long career he preferred good to evil."

#### THE SPHINX.

A VERY imposing monumental statue, cut from a single block of Hallowell granite, and called The Sphinx, has been placed in front of the Chapel of Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Cambridge, Mass. It is fifteen feet long by about eight in height, the face alone measuring three feet in length. The pedestal is of a plain oblong form, with emblems and inscriptions. On the southern end is a figure of the Egyptian Lotus, and on the opposite the American Water-lily. The statue was made by Martin Millmore, of Boston, and presented to the Trustees of the Cemetery by its former President, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, to commemorate the war of the rebellion.

#### THE LYON MONUMENT.

ON Sunday, September 13th, at the old Arsenal Grounds in St. Louis, Mo., and in the presence of a large congregation of soldiers and citizens, the monument of General Nathaniel Lyon was inaugurated. The structure, as far as completed, is an obelisk of red Missouri granite, fifteen feet high, resting upon a pedestal twenty feet high. When finished, the obelisk will be surmounted by an equestrian statue of the deceased, from the hand of J. Wilson McDonald, of New York City. The work is in the hands of the Lyon Monument Association.

#### MLLE. HEILBRON.

MLLE. HEILBRON, the prima-donna whom Mr. Strakosch introduced in Italian Opera last week, is native of Brussels, and is about twenty-three years of age. When she was twelve years of age, Mlle. Heilbron's voice had made such progress that she successfully passed the examination for admission into the Royal Conservatory of her native place, and attracted so much attention from the examiner, that she was permitted to enter as a pupil, notwithstanding the bar of her extreme youth. At the end of the first year she was awarded



MLLE. MARIE HEILBRON, PRIMA DONNA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.

the highest prize for singing and piano-playing. The King was present at her second year's examination, and so pleased was he with her rich voice and its trained powers, that he advised her father to send her to Paris to study under Duprez, the famous French tenor. She made her *début* at the Opéra-Comique, in the Winter of 1869, when she won complete success. Content with this opening success in Paris, she responded to a call to sing in the royal theatres of The Hague and Amsterdam, in

Holland. At the close of that season she went to Italy to study, and, immediately on her return to Paris she sang in a *soirée* where Maurice Strakosch, the director of the Italian opera in Paris, recognizing her as an artist of great ability, secured her under his management to open an Italian opera, and early in the Winter season of 1873 she made her *début* in "La Traviata." While differing materially from either Nilsson or Lucca in general appearance, in some respects she resembles both. She is

smaller in stature than Nilsson. She lacks her courtly dignity, but instead evinces a most modest reserve, and an utter simplicity of manner particularly noticeable. She is a brunette, a shade or two lighter than Lucca, with brilliant black eyes that sparkle with animation when she talks. Mlle. Heilbron does not speak English, but converses fluently in French.

#### THE VICTORIOUS BOAT IN THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

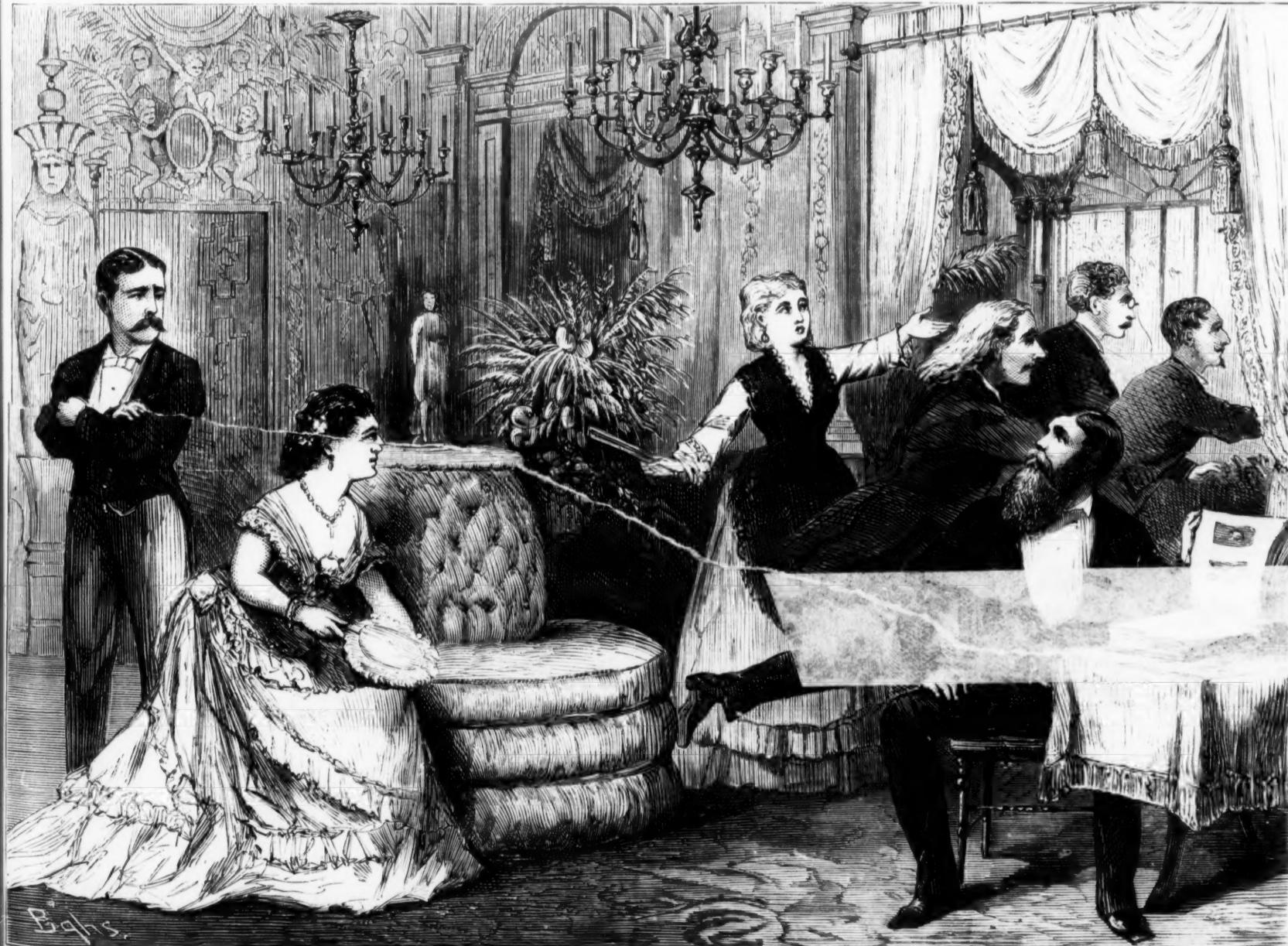
THE boat in which the crew of Columbia College, of New York City, won the Inter-collegiate race at Saratoga, on the 18th of July last, is a six-oared shell, twenty-one feet in length. The distance of the race was three miles, and the crew won in sixteen minutes, forty-two and a quarter seconds. The shell, with two silk flags—one of dark blue, the other the national colors—is now on exhibition at the American Institute, beautifully festooned with flowers and evergreens.

#### SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "THE SPHINX."

NOW BEING PLAYED AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

OCTAVE FEUILLET'S four-act drama "The Sphinx," which is being beautifully and prosperously produced at the Union Square Theatre, is one of the fashionable class of modern French plays, and is in no way especially distinct from those which have preceded it, and those which in all probability will follow it. The story, of course, deals with that illicit phase of love—the *Amour*—which flourishes so luxuriantly in the atmosphere of Paris. This has always been a favorite theme with Gallic playwrights, who have ever striven, and in most cases successfully, to cover up the prurient nudity of the subject with the tinselled garb of their wit. "The Sphinx" is no exception. Night after night a fashionable audience watches keenly the progress of the mimic despair of the piece, and applauds rapturously the telling points of the dialogue and situations. It can safely be concluded, therefore, that the piece is a hit, destined to sail for some time before prosperous breezes. In our sketch we give a correct picture of one situation in the first scene, to understand which, it is first necessary to know something of the story. *Blanche de Chelles* (Clara Morris) is the daughter-in-law of *Admiral de Chelles* (Mr. John Parselle). She is the victim of one of those busine-s-like French marriages, and secretly loves *Henri de Savigny* (Mr. McKee Rankin), the husband of her best friend, *Bertha de Savigny* (Miss Charlotte Thompson). Her love is returned, but she does not know it. The jealousy of *Bertha* is aroused by a conversation between *Blanche* and *Henri* which she accidentally overhears. In order to prove to *Bertha* that she is mistaken, *Blanche* arranges a meeting between herself and *Lord Dorrock* (Mr. Frederick Robinson), and in the hearing of *Bertha* agrees to elope with him. The rendezvous is in a wood near by the château of the *Admiral*, which is in the neighborhood of Paris.

*Henri* is told of *Blanche's* determination by his wife. He is first on the ground, and while attempting to dissuade *Blanche* from her purpose, a mutual confession is made of their loves, in the hearing of the now unhappy *Bertha*, who is a concealed spectator of the interview. The fourth act produces



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PLAY OF "THE SPHINX," AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE—INCIDENT IN SCENE FIRST.

undoubted proofs of *Blanche's* affection for *Henri* in the shape of letters she had written him, and in the agony of despair she takes a poisonous powder from a ring bearing the head of the Sphinx, dying in horrible convulsions in the presence of her friends. Incidental to the main story are the characters of *Arthur Laparrie* (Mr. H. W. Montgomery), *Evereard* (Mr. Claude Burroughs), and *Urvic* (Mr. F. F. Mackay), who all adore the wild and wayward *Blanche*. It is these three who, in the picture, are running after a bunch of grapes which the impudent *Blanche* has tossed through the doorway, anxious to show the terrible power she possesses. *Lord Dorrock* is seated in the chair by the table. He is too much in earnest in this case to run after grapes. *Bertha* and her husband are standing to one side, watching the scene, which is valuable as showing the coquettish, willful and misguided nature of the heroine, *Blanche*.

## AUTUMN LEAVES,

CAST IRON—Spent cannon-balls.

THE pound of flesh—Making tough steak tender.

THE man who works with a will—The probate judge.

THE men that have the most ups and downs in life—hood carriers.

WHAT is the difference between an overcoat and a baby? One is what you were and the other is what you was.

If a man really wants to find out what's in him, let him go to sea. The first rough weather will generally enable him to ascertain it.

WHAT's the difference between the smaller of the pygmies recently seen in Egypt and a blissful departure from earth? One's a youth in Africa and the other's a eunuch.

DR. CUYLER wants all young ladies to band together and say: "No lips shall touch my lips that have touched a bottle." Rather rough, this, on the fellows that were brought up by hand.

WHEN a Portland woman chases her boy with a broom, he runs down on a wharf and jumps into the water. When he comes out, his face is washed, his mother does not know him, and he is safe.

IN order to settle the great topic as to who shall stand on top of the Vendome Column, the Charivari proposes that the members of the Assembly shall take turns and each stand there twenty-four hours at a time.

A FELLOW rushed into an office, one morning, with the interrogation: "What's the difference between the mice that have just been eating my greenbacks and the Epistles of Paul?" All present subsided, and he gasped: "They're both scripshewers," and then rapidly proceeded to the door.

AN eight-hour man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the front stoop reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where is my supper?" "I don't know," replied his wife. "I began to get yur breakfast at 6 o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at 2 P. M."

A FAMILY in Akron, O., has in it a little girl about four years old and a little boy about six. They had been cautioned in their strife against hen's eggs not to take away the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying, "Mother, mother! Suzy she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

In a certain locality, a darky, the other day, was attending to some duty on the lawn near the road, and six or eight friends of his own color were leaning on the fence, evidently to see that the thing was properly done. That witty contraband, Ike Delly, happened to pass at just this time, and meeting Dr. Mapes inquired: "Dr. Mapes, who's dead at Masser Hustis?" "No one, I think," replied the doctor. "Oh, yes," persisted Ike, "there must be somebody dead ther, for sartin sure." "Why, I am positive not," said the doctor, "for I should certainly have heard of it if there had been a death in the family." "Then," exclaimed Ike, raising his voice, and pointing to the long lazy row of his sable brethren hanging on the pickets, "what's all dis yer mournin' fer, strung along de fence?"

WHO WILL IT BE?—The postponement of the Gift Concert of the Kentucky Public Library to November 30th, 1874, was resolved upon to make a full drawing a certainty. There will positively be no further postponement, and the great prize will be the magnificent sum of \$250,000. Who will get it? What a pestered man Governor Bramlette, of Louisville, business manager, would be, if the people supposed he could tell!

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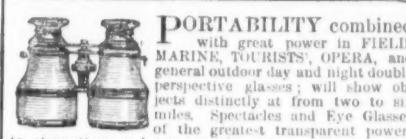

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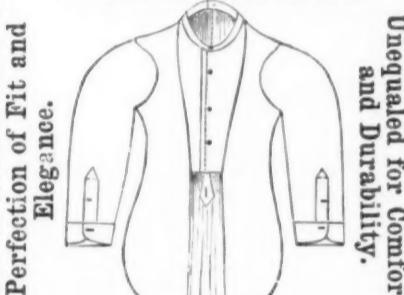
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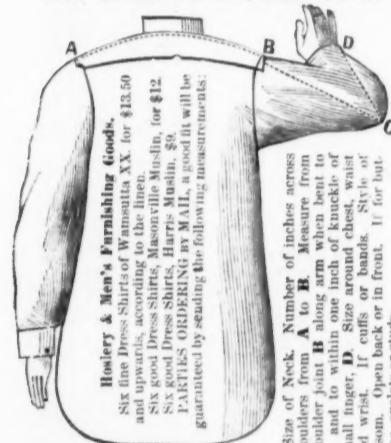
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